# TOAST to JOAN

(Continued)

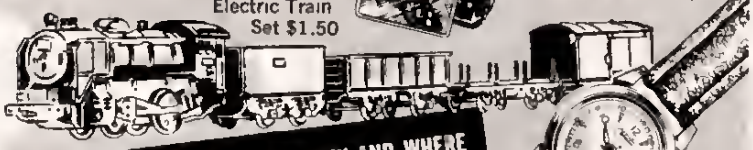
**Originally from New York, Joan now lives in Hollywood, where she's tops in the modeling field!**

# new home-import *business...*

Field Glasses
Germany
$1.20

Transistor
Radio
Japan
$1.70

Cigarette
Lighter
Japan
21¢



Electric Train
Set $1.50

Now you can get exciting Imports at trifling cost abroad and sell them by mail order, or to friends and stores. New Plan starts you in full or spare time without capital or previous experience. Just imagine the *huge profit* you could make on this jeweled calendar watch you can get for only $2.44 in Europe – the 16mm camera at just $2.30, the transistor radio or the electric razor. Mellinger globe-trotting couriers discover and show you how to get fast-selling imports just like these – Show you how you can deduct your profit in advance, even *before* ordering merchandise.

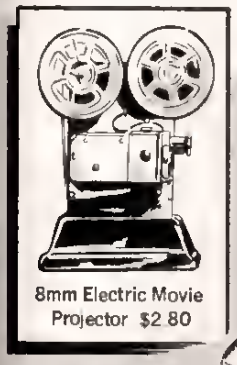
**NEW PLAN SHOWS YOU HOW AND WHERE TO GET DAZZLING BUYS LIKE THESE FOR BIG PROFIT U. S. SALES. PRICES SHOWN ARE DIRECT FROM SUPPLIERS ABROAD. DO NOT ORDER FROM US...**

Jeweled
Calendar Watch
Switzerland
$2.44

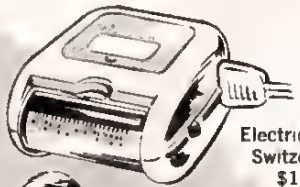
Electric
Carving Knife
$1.50

## Famous World Trader Guides You

You'll receive personal step-by-step guidance from B. L. Mellinger, Jr., one of the most famous international traders the world has ever known. Mr. Mellinger even shows you how to put experience you have gained through jobs, hobbies and interests to work making extra import profits for you.



8mm Electric Movie
Projector $2 80

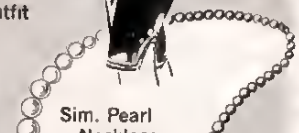


Electric Razor
Switzerland
$1.70

Wool Knit Suit
Hong Kong
$4.50

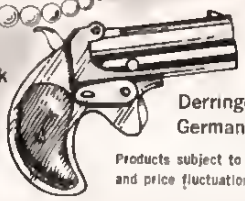
Tape Recorder Outfit
$6.70

16mm Camera
Magazine load,
with case and
hand strap.
Uses standard
16mm film
Japan $2.30



Sim. Pearl
Necklace
Japan 4½¢

Black
Forest Clock
Germany
63¢



Derringer Pistol
Germany $5.99

Products subject to availability and price fluctuation.

## You Keep ALL the Profits

This is a NEW idea for making money. Mellinger puts you in direct contact with the ORIGINAL OVERSEAS SOURCE! The profits are all yours when you buy direct. On one of the lower priced products shown here, an importer following the Mellinger Plan has already taken in a half million dollars! You, too, can cash in on the big demand for imports, if you know this method.

## Free Samples – Contacts Abroad

Following the Mellinger Home-Import Plan you receive FREE imports – and membership in International Traders, a world-wide organization of Importers and Exporters which helps beginners to a fast start. You will receive confidential monthly bulletins revealing names and addresses of actual overseas suppliers. You are shown how you can easily deal with foreign suppliers, how to get samples, how to make big savings on your *own* purchases.

## Rush Coupon for Free Details

Start now to exciting cash profits in the new Import boom. Mail coupon for FREE BOOK, "How to Import and Export," which will change your whole idea of the money you can make, full or spare time, in your own Home Import Business. No salesman will call. Airmail reaches us overnight.


**Send for FREE Book that shows how!**

Mellinger Co., Dept. P1661
1554 So. Sepulveda, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025

**Show me how these amazing buys abroad can give me my own big profit Home Import Business. Rush book and details without obligation. ALL FREE!**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP NO. _____

THE MELLINGER CO., Dept. P1661
1554 S. Sepulveda, Los Angeles, California 90025

# DRUNKEN WOMAN

"I forgot" I said "I forgot you didn't look. How can you stand it?"

A match flared up over the other bunk. A cigarette tip glowed. The match, still flaming, arched toward me and I twitched against the wall to get out of its way as it fell on my bunk and went out. I brushed it off to the floor, feeling the still hot tip against the back of my hand

"What's the matter with you?" I asked "You flipped or something? No kiddin Kilroy, I think your lep's blown. Why don't you cut that stuff out?"

He still didn't say anything and I lay there, thinking about him No-body knew whether his name was really Kilroy or not Nobody cared. They just wondered He was in the can for breaking up a cathouse in Badger Falls It seemed he was oiled to the wig and went into this toll house and got himself a girl and then beat the bell out of her and wrecked the joint good before the cops got there and dragged him away When they took him out, he kept screaming over and over "Tell 'em Kilroy was here"

They thought he was ripe for the fruit factory until they gave him some tests He turned out to be saner than the cops He had no identification on him, had no record and insisted that his name was Kilroy, so that was the way they'd booked him. He told them breaking up can factories was what he did for kicks when he got greased He'd done it 14 or 15 times before he finally got caught and jugged.

We didn't get any of this from Kilroy, himself He never spoke to anybody, hardly, about anything Vagner, the Super told us when he brought him in the first day Vagner thought Kilroy was pretty cute Until the next Saturday when Vagner bought one of Mammy Lou's girls downstairs and Kilroy didn't even get off his cot and go to the cell gate to watch Vagner hadn't liked that. It sort of spoiled his fun that night.

Brother, did Vagner fix Kilroy for that He gave him the business, especially when Kilroy wouldn't answer Vagner's questions about why he didn't react like everybody else. Kilroy got The Hole for 52 hours. He couldn't stand up when they took him out but he wasn't broken. When he recovered from that Vagner gave him the fire-hose and that didn't work either He couldn't even make Kilroy whimper Even forcing Kilroy to dig through the manure pile with his bare hands in search of a supposedly hidden gun didn't get to the guy. Vagner tried a lot of other tricks but finally had to give up, after the first month. He just ignored Kilroy after that. But the way the skinny, bald-headed guy with the big frog-like eyes looked at Vagner, we didn't think Kilroy would ever forget those things

None of us liked Kilroy How can you like a guy you don't know, you can't even talk to? But we sure respected him Sometimes I could get a few words out of him and even when I couldn't, I'd go right on talking to him You had to talk, even if it was only to yourself

Suddenly a mewling, sniffing sound came from cell six The Little White Flower was crying again. He'd been crying a lot, lately, getting on everybody's nerves Most of the time nobody knew why But we knew why, tonight Vagner had put Little White Flower in Collino's cell this week Collino was big as a Turk wrestler Later when Vagner brought the dame down here to the cell block and Collino had to watch, he'd go crazy, really burst, and he'd give Little White Flower a ragged time The albino knew that was coming because Vagner never picked the man who was in with Little White Flower at these times Vagner figured that guy was taken care of good enough where he was

I began to tremble and sweat began to roll on me as I wondered which cell Vagner would choose tonight I hoped it would be ours, yet at the same time I knew it wouldn't be because of Kilroy He wouldn't even look at the dame, so naturally he wouldn't fight for her Halved for that silent, bald-headed creep wrenched at me. I thought I'd get rid of a little of it and maybe needle Kilroy into giving me a break tonight, if the chance came

"You know why you hate whores?" I asked him Only I wasn't really asking him "Because you're no good, that's why You're like Vagner He gets pleased in the goveness by a flipped fish, that's what's the matter with him, that's why he has to get his, second hand, through us guys What happened to you, Kilroy? Why are you that way? There ain't any other reason for a guy to hate 'em bad enough he don't want 'em even to get rid of the squirts."

It didn't work. Kilroy just sucked deep on his butt, dully lighting the gaunt knobby structure of his face. Then he flipped the lit butt at me I knocked it sparking to the floor I laughed Down in cell six Little White Flower a whiney voice whispered "Please, Lew, please baby"

I said "The albino's trying to fix it so Collino'll be disinterested, later" There was the sound of a heavy slap and then muted sobbing

"I guess he didn't make it," I said "Sometimes I feel sorry for The Flower It's guys like Vagner that hate guys like the albino worst Jesus, what torture he's put that kid through Little White Flower will come back and kill Vagner after he gets out of here He's said so and I believe him"

That got a rise out of Kilroy In his flat, emotionless voice he answered "A lot of guys have said that Every one in here, every one's ever been here Nobody ever has Nobody will"

"No" I said grinning crazily into the darkness because I'd gotten him to speak "How could they? This place is Vagner's world He likes it here He never leaves for nothing Not nothing So how could any fish get past the gate guard, back in here to knock him off? You're right

Only how can a guy live like that, month in, month out, inside the walls, in that bedroom behind his office never see any—"

How can a louse crawl through an armpit?" Kilroy stopped me

WE were both quiet for a minute and I suddenly realized the sounds upstairs in Vagner's office had stopped There were 55 guys in the long basement cell block of this tenth rate little county coop and every mother-moochin' one of them realized that the silence up there meant that it was time You could hear them all springing from their bunks at the same time I did. You could hear the rattle of the cell doors as they grabbed the bars, pressed against them

The door at the end of the block clanged open and the overhead light in the alley between cell rows snicked on We heard the girl giggle drunkenly, give a little gasp and complain to Vagner about the heat down here

I tried to press right through the bars, my face aching with the pressure, straining to get a look at Vagner and the girl at the other end I saw them then saw Vagner, short, big-bellied and bull-shouldered, his small, bullet-shaped head sitting almost ridiculously, without any neck, right on his shoulders His small, bunched up features were more bloated and purplish from bourbon than usual And I saw the girl he'd brought with him

My heart was suddenly in my mouth and in my ears and in my eyes all at the same time, healing as though my head would burst and for a moment after that first look, I couldn't see or hear or anything I was just a throbbing mass of blood-gouged meat Then that all dulled enough so that I could see and hear again and taste, but I didn't go away altogether

This one was a redhead and she was short and at the edge of being

(Continued on page 71)

*Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."*

# Is Your English Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

If so then you're a victim of *crippled English*" says Don Bolander Director of Career Institute. Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another it is impossible for these people to go back to school.

Is there any way, without going back to school to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

### BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

**Question** *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

**Answer** People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

**Question** *What do you mean by a "command of English?"*

**Answer** A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well... carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

**Question** *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

**Answer** No not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

**Question** *Is this something new?*

**Answer** Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

**Question** *Does it really work?*

**Answer** Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

**Question** *Who are some of these people?*

**Answer** Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people and many others.

**Question** *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate using the Career Institute Method?*

**Answer** In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

**Question** *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

**Answer** I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

### MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

*If you would like a free copy of this 32-page booklet* HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH, *just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.*

**DON BOLANDER** Career Institute Dept. 223 K, 30 East Adams Chicago 3 Ill.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

# DID YOU KNOW?

**METERED LOVE**
Under the balcony evening serenades

must last no longer than one hour says the Mexican Government.

**STAR BOARDER**
In Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario jailers kept a special eye on robbery convict Arthur Lariviere, who won bookings with a circus as a result of a stunt escape from the Sault Ste. Marie jail

**THE INNER VOICE**
A woman who stole $26 from the cash register of a store in Charleston, West Virginia, returned the money in a few days with a note explaining the theft had made her "a nervous wreck."

**SHE ASKED FOR IT**
A would be Tennessee inventor wrote to her Representative asking him to "please go down to the Patent Office and get me a list of things that haven't been invented Send me the answers by return mail as I am anxious to get to work."

**POCKET VETO**
In Jackson, Mississippi as a bill to clamp down on professional shoplifters was in transit between the House and the Senate someone made off with it.

**WHAT THE SIGN SAID**
In Newington Connecticut William Monnier twenty two drove his car through the front window of the Sesame Drive-In Restaurant walked a wavy line to the kitchen and fixed himself an early morning snack.

**THE OUTLAW**
In Cleveland Ernest Denerdy whose driver's license was suspended in January was back in court—for jay walking

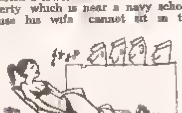
**ELEMENTARY**
In Brooklyn, a suspicious housewife discovered uncooked rice on the floor of her husband's automobile, dragged him into court, where he was indicted for bigamy

**MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPER**
In Fresno, California, Mrs. Lillian Dennis, mother of six, explained to police that she taught her ten year old son to steal money for everyday needs

because if she did it herself she might end up in jail, and there would be no one to look after the children.

**LOCAL CUSTOMS**
In Duncan Oklahoma a reporter stopping people on the street to see how many could name at least one of the first ten Amendments to the Constitution was told by one woman "I really wouldn't know I just moved to Duncan recently."

**GARDEN VIEW**
Simon Pinder of Portishead, England requested a lower tax assessment on his property which is near a navy school, because his wife cannot sit in the



garden without provoking numerous wolf whistles and peculiar looks."

**PLAN AHEAD**
Shabbily dressed Major Williams was arrested in Kansas City Missouri for routine questioning He then admitted that he had committed three recent holdups and insisted that his goal was a new suit so that he could look presentable and people would not suspect me right away when he robbed a bank.

**FEEL SHARP, DRIVE SHARP**
Despite his plea that there was no law against it a New Jerseyite was ticketed for careless driving after cops caught him driving with the wheel in one hand, a razor in the other and blobs of lather on his face.

**SCREENING PROCESS**
Cynthia Corraditti twenty three years old was arrested in Dayton for bigamy after being married to seven men since her thirteenth birthday the last two marriages without benefit of divorce. She gave as her explanation "It was hard to find a guy I could trust."

**ROVING ASSIGNMENT**
In Salt Lake City convicts publishing the Utah state prison newspaper abruptly changed the masthead listing of escaped Editor Quay Kilborn from "Editor in Chief" to "Editor at Large."

**JUDAS**
In Bangor Maine Judge James A. Mooney praised the eleventh of eleven drunks after ten were suspended sentences by promising to get jobs picking blueberries for pointing out that the berry picking season was over

**ACHILLES WRIST**
The city magistrate court of Amersham, England was forced to adjourn temporarily when Court Clerk A. Ferguson got writer's cramp

**PRO**
Matti Reinto was found guilty of stealing $193 from a liquor store in Patterson New Jersey despite his explanation to the court. "As a man trained as a saboteur and a spy I would not commit such a childish type of crime."

**PRO VS AMATEUR**
In Norfolk Massachusetts two lifers on the state prison debating team continued a three-year undefeated record—against such opponents as Oxford Cambridge M I T and Harvard—when they took the affirmative on the question "Bank Robbing Is Too Easy"


The debating team of McGill University was quickly defeated.

# Profits That Lie Hidden in America's Mountain of Broken Electrical Appliances

**By J. M. Smith** *President National Radio Institute*

***And I mean profits for you — no matter who you are, where you live, or what you are doing now. Do you realize that there are over 400 million electrical appliances in the homes of America today? So it's no wonder that men who know how to service them properly are making $3 to $5 an hour — in spare time or full time! I'd like to send you a Free Book telling how you can quickly and easily get into this profitable field.***

THE COMING OF THE AUTO created a multi million dollar service industry the auto repair business Now the same thing is happening in the electrical appliance field. But with this important difference anybody with a few simple tools can get started in appliance repair work. No big investment or expensive equipment is needed

The appliance repair business is booming — because the *sale* of appliances is booming One thing naturally follows the other In addition to the 400 000 000 appliances *already* sold the year alone will use sales of 76 million *new* appliances. For example 4 750 000 new coffee makers almost 2 000 000 new room air conditioners 1 425 000 new clothes dryers A nice steady income awaits the man who can service appliances like these And I want to tell you why that man can be you — even if you don't know a volt from an ampere now

### A Few Examples of What I Mean

Now here's a report from Earl Reed, of Thompson, Ohio In one month I took in approximately $648 of which $520 was clear I work only part time And to take a big jump out to California here's one from

J G Stinson of Long Beach "I have opened up a small repair shop At present I am operating the shop as a spare time basis — but the way business is growing it will be a very short time before I will devote my full time to it.

Don't worry about how little you may now know about repair work. What John D Fatta of Bradley Illinois wrote to me is this I had practically no knowledge I say kind of repair work Now I am busy almost all my spare time and my day off — and have more and more repair work coming in all along I have my shop in my basement.

### We Tell You Everything You Need to Know

If you'd like to get started in this fascinating profitable rapidly growing field — let us give you the home training you need Here is an excellent opportunity to build up "a business of your own" without big investment — open up an appliance repair shop, become independent. Or you may prefer to keep your present job turn your spare time into extra money

You can handle this work anywhere — in a corner of your basement or garage even on your kitchen table No technical experience or higher education is necessary We'll train you at home in your spare time, using methods proven successful for over 45 years. We start from scratch — tell you in plain English, and *show* you in clear pictures — everything you need to know And, you will be glad to know your training will cost you less than 20¢ a day

### FREE BOOK and Sample Lesson

I think that our 24-page Free Book will open your eyes to a whole world of new opportunities and how you can "cash in on America's 'Electrical Appliance Boom'"

I'll also send you a Free Sample Lesson. It shows how simple and clearly illustrated our instructions are — how it can quickly prepare you for a profitable future in this big field. Just mail coupon, letter or postcard to me *Mr J M Smith President National Radio Institute* **Dept. 710-116** *Washington 16 D C* (No obligation, of course — and no salesman will call on you.)

## EARN WHILE YOU LEARN
### with this APPLIANCE TESTER

***— Yours at No Extra Charge***

Your NRI Course comes *complete* with all the parts to assemble a sturdy portable Appliance Tester that helps you earn while you learn. Easy to follow manual tells how to assemble and use the Tester *right away* Locate faulty cords, short circuits, poor connections, etc. in a fifty foot defects in house wiring measure electricity used by appliances many other uses.

With this Tester you save time and make money by doing jobs quicker making sure appliances operate correctly after repairs

**MAIL THIS FOR FREE BOOK and SAMPLE LESSON**

*Mr J M Smith President*
**NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE**
**Dept. 710-116 Washington 16 D.C.**

Tell me how I can cash in on the "Electrical Appliance Boom" Send me your Illustrated FREE BOOK that outlines the whole NRI Course tells what opportunities are open to me answers my questions, describes success of other students and much more. Also send me the FREE SAMPLE LESSON so I can see how clear and easy your instructions are I am particularly interested in

☐ Spare Time Earnings ☐ Business of My Own ☐ Better Job

I understand there is no obligation on my part and no salesman will call on me

Name

Address

City Zone State

Accredited Member National Home Study Council

# Give Me One Evening And I'll Give You A Push-Button Memory

Yes! Here at last is your chance to gain the super-powered file-cabinet memory you've always dreamed about — so easily and so quickly that you'll be astounded AND ACTUALLY DO IT WITHOUT RISKING A PENNY!

Let me explain! I don't care how poor you may think your memory is now! I believe that you have a memory 10 TO 20 TIMES MORE POWERFUL THAN YOU REALIZE TODAY! I believe that your memory is working at a tiny fraction of its true power today—because you simply don't know the right way to feed it facts! Because you don't know the right way to take names and faces and anything else you want to remember — and lock them into your memory so firmly that you can never forget them!

Yes, Remembering is a trick! Powerful memories can be made to order — you don't have to be born with them. The secret of a super powered, hair trigger memory is as simple as tying your shoelace. I can teach it to you in a single evening! And I'm willing to prove it to you without your risking a penny! Here's how!

### Would You Invest Three Hours of Your Time to Transform Your Memory?

All I ask from you is this. Let me send you — at my risk — one of the most fascinating books you have ever read. When this book arrives set aside only one evening. Give this book your uninterrupted attention. And then get ready for one of the most thrilling accomplishments of your entire life.

Take this book and turn to page 88. Read eight short pages — no more. And then put down the book. Remain in your own mind the one simple secret I've shown you. And then — get ready to use your new, AUTOMATIC memory.

What you are going to do, is this: that very first evening, without referring to the book, you are going to sit down and you are going to write — not five, not ten — but TWENTY important facts that you have never been able to memorize before! If you are a business man, they may be customers' orders that you have received. If you are a salesman they may be twenty different products in your line. If you are a student, they may be the twenty parts of your homework. If you are a housewife they may be important appointments that you have to keep tomorrow.

In any case you are simply going to glance over that list again for a few moments. You are going to perform a simple mental trick on each one of these facts — that will burn that fact into your mind, permanently and automatically! And then you are going to put that list away. You're going to bed without thinking of it again.

And the next morning you are going to amaze your family and friends! When you go down to work now, you'll attend to every one of those orders automatically — without referring to your notepad! For perhaps the first time in your life, you'll be able to plan ahead your entire day — automatically, in your own mind — without being a slave to notes and memos or other "paper" reminders!

Yes, And you'll amaze your friends by remembering every product in your line — backwards and forwards — in the exact order that you memorized them! You'll keep every single appointment on time — because one appointment will automatically flash into your mind after another — at the precise moment you need them — exactly as though you pushed a mental button!

All this — in a single evening! Here is a gift that will pay you dividends for as long as you live! A simple trick — a simple secret of burning facts into your memory that may change your entire life!

### Suddenly, Whole New Worlds of Self-Confidence Open Up for You!

But this is just the beginning of the miracles you can perform with your memory! This secret is just one of the over 50 MEMORY INTENSIFIERS contained in this book. You have seen men and women use these short-cut methods on television to astound you! But you never knew how incredibly simple they were — until you learned the inside secret!

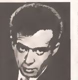
For instance REMEMBERING NAMES AND FACES! How many times have you been embarrassed because you couldn't remember the name of the person you were talking to — or introduce him to a friend! In as little as one short week after you receive this book how would you like to walk into a room full of TWENTY new people — meet each one of them only once — and then remember the names automatically — for as long as you live!

Yes! Those names and faces are filed in the storehouse of your memory permanently! Whenever you meet those people on the street — whenever you bump into them at the club — whenever they drop in unexpectedly at a friend's home — the instant you see their face, their name pops into your mind automatically! There is no hesitation, no embarrassment! By the time you can reach out to shake their hands your memory has delivered all the important facts you need to please them!

Think of the advantage in business when you can call every customer by his first name — and then ask for his wife and children, instantly by their names. Think of the impression you'll make when you ask him about the state of his business, about his hobbies, when you even repeat — almost word for word — the last conversation you had with him. Think of becoming a celebrity at your club — the member who "knows everyone" — who can be depended upon to recall names to win new friends for the organization to get things done!

But this is still just the beginning! This book teaches you to remember exactly what you hear and read! It gives you the confidence you need to make an important point at a business conference — to back up your opinion in discussions — become a leader in conversation, with dozens of interesting facts at your fingertips!

This book teaches you how to memorize a speech or a sales presentation in minutes! It teaches you how to remember every card played when you relax at a game! It can improve your gin, or poker or bridge game by [illegible] a week!



**MEET HARRY LORAYNE** "The human being with the most phenomenal memory in the world." Harry Lorayne has lectured in front of thousands of Americans: Rotarians, Elks, Masons, Chamber of Commerce groups have all called on this amazing man to prove the business and social power of a strong, reliable memory! Lorayne's memory is so strong that he can remember the names, faces, addresses and occupations of over 100 different people in a single evening—after meeting each one of them only once.

And yet, a few short years ago, this man's memory was no better than yours. This man trained his own memory—he built the most fabulous memory in the world from scratch! And now he gives you the very same secrets he discovered and perfected himself! Memory Builders that work overnight! Secrets that can change your entire life in a single week—OR EVERY CENT OF YOUR MONEY BACK.

Read the thrilling details on this page! Try them—ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK

This book shows you how to improve the depth and focus and power of your mind! It shows you how to double your vocabulary — learn dozens of ways to turn new words into your memory — learn their meanings without looking them up — remember phrases, sentences, paragraphs from the great writers! You'll be able to learn a foreign language almost overnight — at least three to four times as quickly and easily as you could without this system! You'll be able to hear a joke, story or anecdote only once, and then repeat it in the same hilarious way!

Yes! And most important of all, this book will show you how to professionally organize your world — do what you have to do in half the time! You'll remember dates, addresses, appointments — automatically! You'll carry dozens of telephone numbers in the file-cabinet of your mind! You'll stop going back over work two or three times because you'd forgotten something! Let me send you this book — and prove these facts in one short evening — OR IT DOESN'T COST YOU A PENNY!

### Try It Entirely at My Risk!

The name of this book is HOW TO DEVELOP A SUPER POWER MEMORY. I believe that this book is revolutionary — because I prove once and for all that memory improvement can be fun. It can be exciting. It can be passed from one person to another — automatically.

This book is a word-for-word copy of my regular mail-order course which I sell for $10. However, the book costs you only $1.98. And I want you to try it — in your own home — entirely at my risk! Here's how!

First, try for yourself the experiment I have described above. Do it for yourself! Prove the almost unbelievable results the very first evening at home! And then use the book for one full week alone. If this amazing book doesn't do everything I ask — if it doesn't give you a file-cabinet memory — no matter what your age, no matter how poor you may think your memory is today — then simply return the book for every cent of your money back!

You have nothing to lose! Act TODAY

### EVEN THE EXPERTS CHEER!

From the top newspapers in America! Enthusiastic survey of Harry Lorayne's new automatic memory improver! Read what top, hardboiled critics say about this man — and his wonderful method.

Robert Coleman, New York Mirror: "... a swell party. The studious entertainer was Harry Lorayne billed as 'The man who has the most phenomenal memory in the world.' After watching Harry at work, we were inclined to agree with that statement."

Keith [illegible], WWNY Virginia: "... this book is fascinating reading. Harry Lorayne states this emphatically: THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A POOR MEMORY — ONLY A TRAINED OR UNTRAINED MEMORY. He shows in this fascinating book how to easily train your own memory to retain facts, figures, places, people and whatever you wish to remember — how to quickly memorize speeches or facts that you wish to remember for future use. I found HOW TO DEVELOP A SUPER POWER MEMORY an experience in reading."

Ed [illegible], Pennsylvania [illegible]: "Have you ever wished you had a better memory? That you could remember names, places, things? Well Mr. [illegible] a new book just out is guaranteed to improve your memory and you will be able to amaze your friends with your feats of memory. 'HOW TO DEVELOP A SUPER POWER MEMORY' by Harry Lorayne. The author can call more than 700 persons by their first name after meeting them for the first time. The book contains the secret on how to be a good rememberer. If you're having trouble remembering a phone number or an anniversary give this book a try. It could make you happy, successful, rich."

### MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

MEMORY RESEARCH BUREAU Dept. 111 B
587 Seventh Ave New York 36 N Y

Gentlemen: Yes, I want to try a copy of Harry Lorayne's amazing new book HOW TO DEVELOP A SUPER POWER MEMORY. I will pay postman only $1.98 plus few C.O.D. charges. I will use this book for a full ten days at your risk. If I am not completely [illegible] of this book does not do everything you say *I will simply return it for every cent of my money back.*

Name

Address

City Zone State

☐ CHECK HERE AND SAVE MORE! Enclose check or money order and we pay all postage and handling charges. You save as much as [illegible]! Same money-back guarantee, of course.

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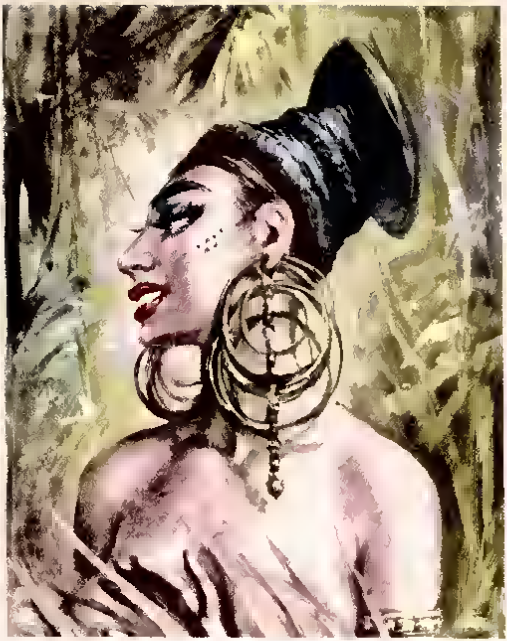
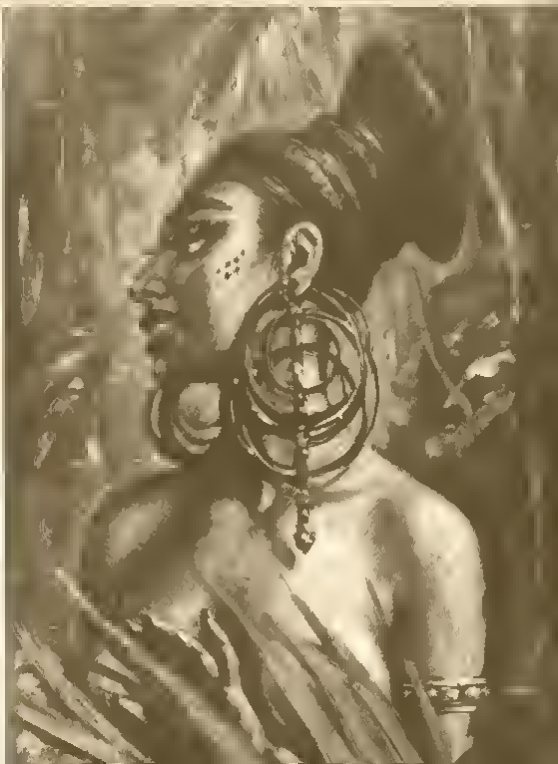


***They waited for me to expire so they could give my body to the priestess of the dead!***

*turn page* ▶

She looked at me with utter disgust. "Only after you are dead," she sneered at me, "can we ever really be lovers!"

# She Loved A Rotting CORPSE



by JAMES K HANSON

I GUESS I CAME out of my long spell of unconsciousness very slowly, my brain fumbling through a shadowy world of recently implanted fears. I was fighting for my life . . swimming . . cursing . . and fighting again . . .

I began to open and shut my eyes. My first glimpses of my surroundings seemed like part of the fantasies that had crowded my mind. I stared dazedly at this beautiful nude native girl as she sat close to me, motionless in this dimly lit hut I slowly turned my aching eyes and grimly focussed them again — this time on another young girl, an African beauty if ever there was one.

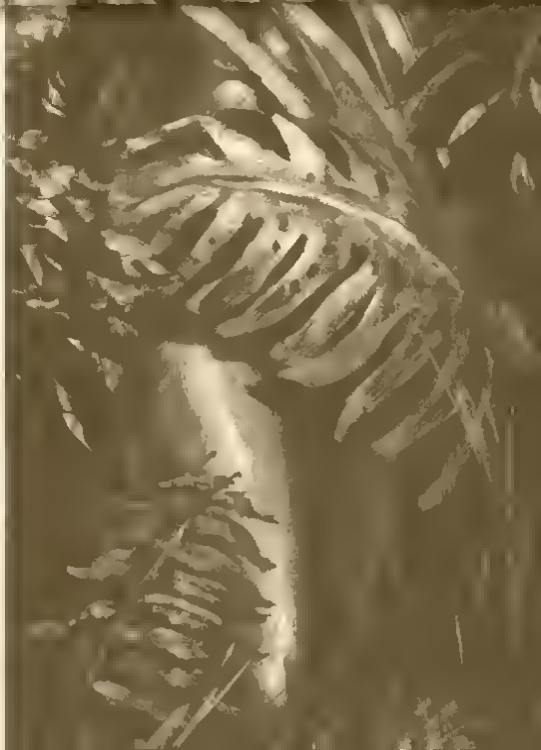
With a fixed expression she stared past me. I saw the perfectly shaped naked body, lovely breasts, hips and thighs Her skin was oiled and her hair done up in a top knot. I looked again and then tiredly closed my throbbing eyelids

Something was wrong I just had to rest to figure it out.

I kept my eyes closed, deliberately building up strength in my exhausted body, trying to think logically, attempting to

(Continued on page 40)

The devilish lust that showed openly in Hola's eyes gave me a tiny flicker of hope, until she said, Your flesh is still too strong I will wait Soon you will be quite cold and then your soul will know how well I can make it warm '



TRUE STORY OF A MAN WHO HAD ALL THE WOMEN HE WANTED

# "I MAKE SEX MOVIES!"

# MAN'S ADVENTURE

DEC. 35¢ PDC

A FORMER VICE COP EXPOSES THE RACKET

## YOU CAN BE SET UP FOR BLACKMAIL!

Only the dead could arouse her passion

## *She Loved A Rotting Corpse*

"NOT EVEN THE WALL COULD STOP ME

## I ESCAPED FROM EAST BERLIN!"

**You go to see the women. But you con't heve e reel show without e fellow to moke the performonce go!**

# True Story Of The Lover Of A Thousand Women

# "I MAKE SEX MOVIES"

**ANONYMOUS**

IT S A GREAT life to look back on Troubles there were, and plenty But who remembers them For if I had to pay a high price for the deal, I still lived the kind of life a hundred million guys can only dream about Women? All I could handle — and sometimes more Every size and shape Some of the dames were downright dogs — I admit it But there were others so beautiful it near takes my breath away to recall them Like the dwarf in the story said on his wedding night — Women — acres and acres of them — and all mine!"

I wasn't exactly a kid when I got started in the game I was over twenty five at the time — so I can hardly claim that I didn t know exactly what I was doing I thought of myself as an actor back in those days Five years between Broadway and Hollywood had gotten me two stage walk on bits and a half a dozen extra shots in the movies A more accurate description of my status would have been Unemployed.'

There was this dame I was living with Cute as a button and with a figure — mama mia! Like me she thought of herself as dedicated to the stage But even a starlet has

(*Continued on page 64*)

**You go to see the women. But you can't have a real show without a fellow to make the performance go!**

# True Story Of A Thousand "I SEX

ANONYMOUS

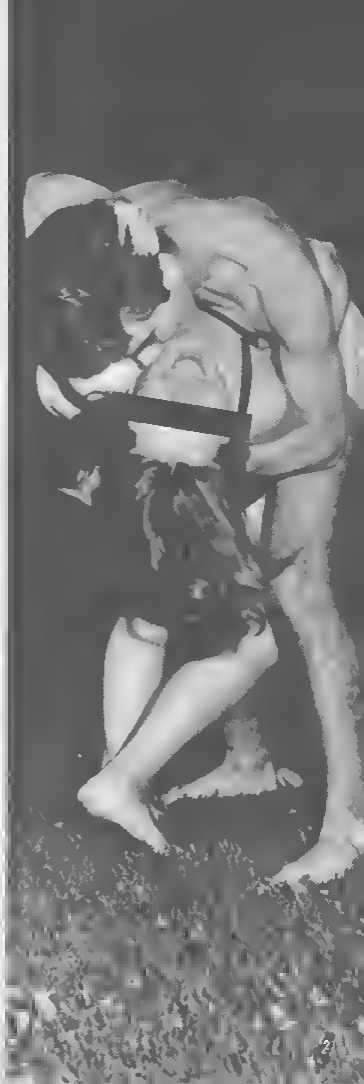
IT'S A GREAT life to look back on Troubles there were, and plenty But who remembers them For if I had to pay a high price for the deal, I still lived the kind of life a hundred million guys can only dream about Women? All I could handle — and sometimes more Every size and shape Some of the dames were downright dogs — I admit it But there were others, so beautiful it near takes my breath away to recall them Like the dwarf in the story said on his wedding night — Women — acres and acres of them — and all mine!"

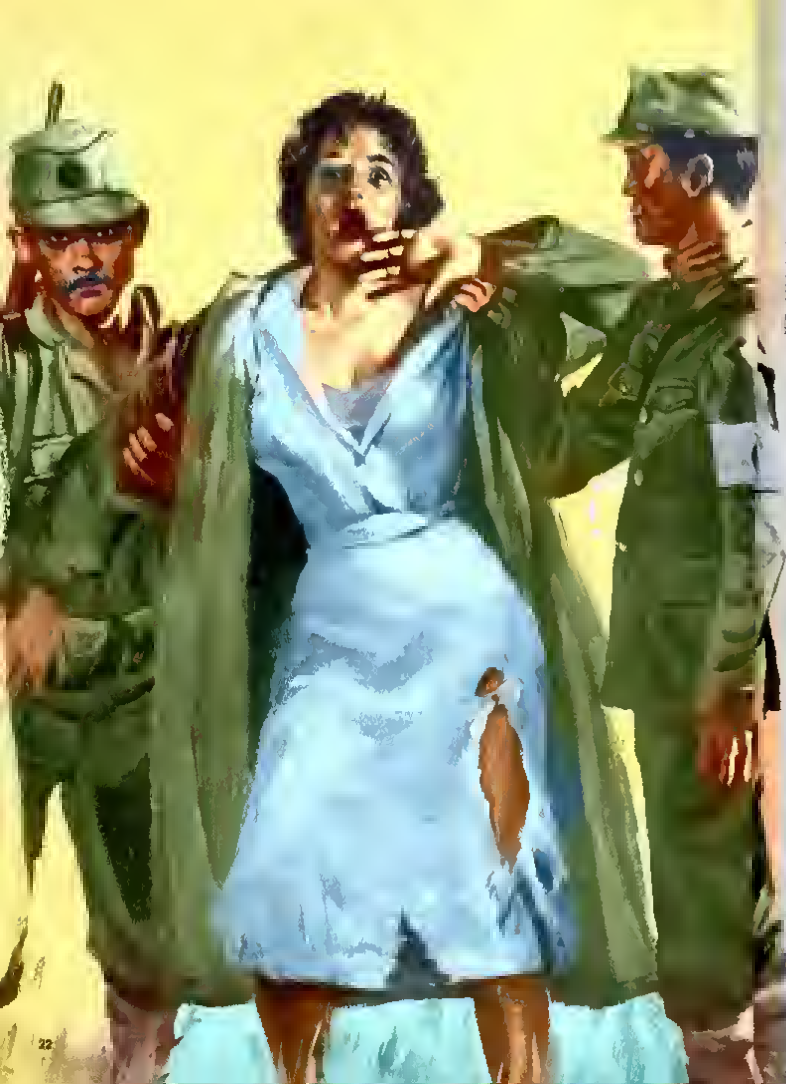
# The Lover Of Women MAKE MOVIES"

I wasn't exactly a kid when I got started in the game I was over twenty-five at the time — so I can hardly claim that I didn't know exactly what I was doing I thought of myself as an actor back in those days Five years between Broadway and Hollywood had gotten me two stage walk on bits and a half a dozen extra shots in the movies A more accurate description of my status would have been Unemployed."

There was this dame I was living with Cute as a button and with a figure — mama mia! Like me she thought of herself as dedicated to the stage But even a starlet has

(*Continued on page* 64)





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CAPTAIN HORU MITSOYAMA was a bitter man. For eleven years a member of the 24th Imperial Military Police Battalion he had never seen one hour's combat. Manchuria, China, the Philippine campaign, Java, and New Guinea had come and gone. And all the while the good Captain had set comfortably in the rear, strutting pompously among the host of conquered peoples—doing absolutely nothing.

His family had seen to that. For Captain Mitsoyama was not only noble, but on his grandmother's side, quite influential. Now it is not that Mitsoyama lacked courage or desire—or that his grandmother was less inspired with the spirit of Bushido than the rest of the Japanese nobility. Far from it. Rather, it was the failing common to influential and important people the whole world over. The family felt that any kind of "ordinary" service was too menial and unimportant for such as they. No common field duty was good enough for their darling offspring. The only job fit for a man like him was quite obviously on the "staff" of some important general.

Horu didn't like that at all. Normally sane, ambitious, and envious of the medals and reputation of the fighting troops, he tried in every way that he could to get himself a combat assignment.

Horu had his general's sympathy and understanding. Grandmother had the confidence and the ear of the Imperial Palace. Result—despite every effort of Horu, his general and his friends, the Captain stayed where he was. If it was medals the dear boy wanted, why he got medals. Somehow, Horu was decorated for every campaign within a thousand miles of his barracks. If it was promotions, why he moved from the most junior lieutenant to Captain as if it were the easiest matter in the world. But mud—blood—sweat and discomfort—absolutely forbidden. And that's exactly the way it was—until.

February 5th, 1943. Word arrived in Headquarters, New Guinea com (Continued on page 68)

by EUBANK R. CRAIGIE

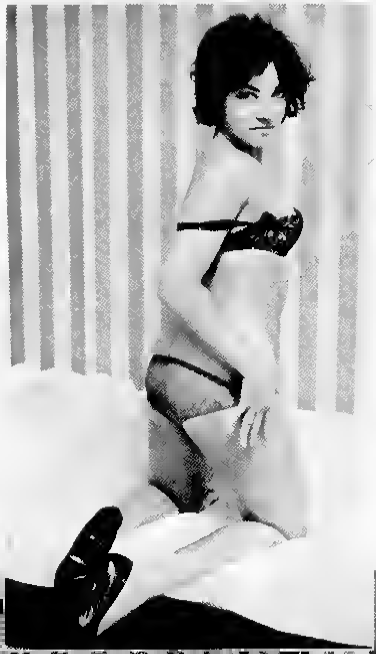
**It should have been a simple trip through the jungle, but one moment of blind panic turned the entire hike into an orgy of slaughter!**

# DEATH MARCH IN NEW GUINEA

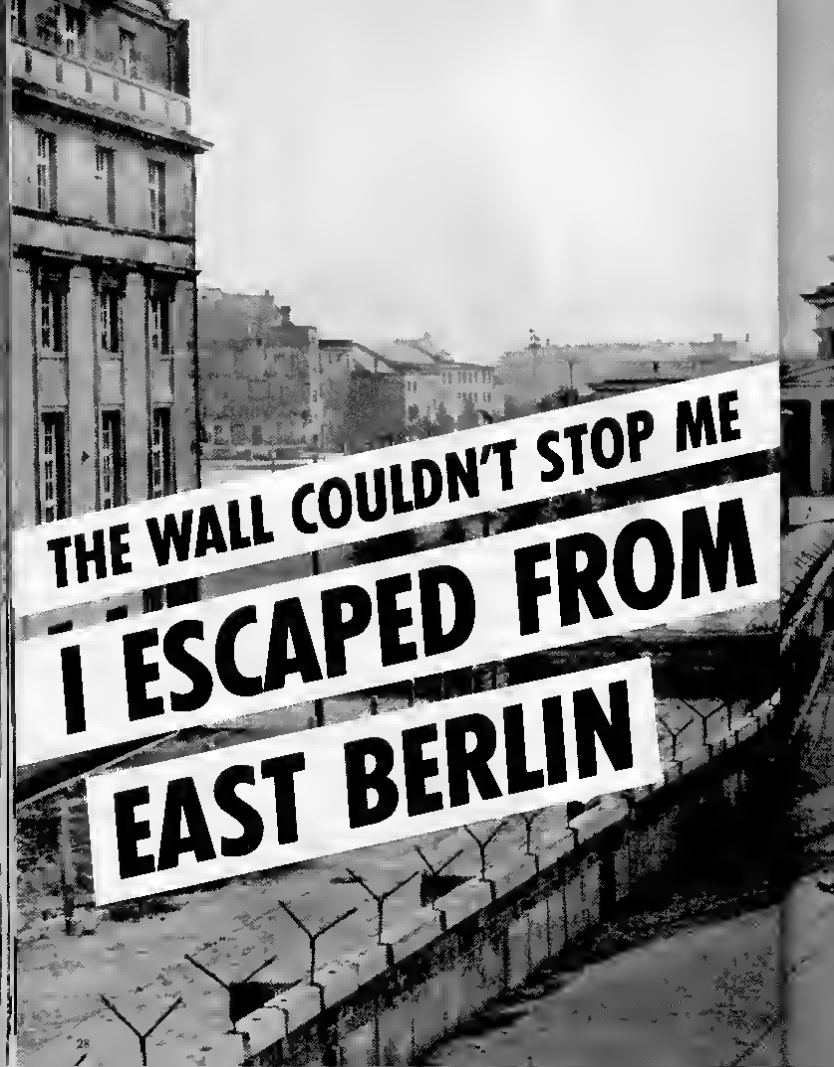
# LEGAL TENDER

**Honolulu born Susan Mint loves to dine on Chinese food. And what's more, she can cook it too, just the way you like it!**

# LEGAL TENDER



**Dark-haired, dark-eyed Susan wants to be a dance teacher. Her qualifications include a 36-24-35 inch creamy figure!**



# THE WALL COULDN'T STOP ME

# I ESCAPED FROM EAST BERLIN

Stretching mile after mile across the center of the city the wall marks out the prison of East Berlin After weeks of helping to build this desecration Heinz Wahlhorn used his knowledge to help him get out of jail

**As I crept through the dark, I could feel myself begin to tremble. There was no turning back. If I were discovered now, death would be certain!**

by HEINZ WAHLHORN

THAT A WALL IS a prison's greatest weakness is an old, old truism Maybe it seems peculiar to state it so bluntly, but it's a fact For you see, the very presence of a wall gives a false sense of security to the guards They wouldn't be human if they didn't come to depend on the wall's very impregnability And that's a mistake Prisoners are human beings Walls are inanimate objects And in any contest between a person and a thing man has got to come out on top

My mistake was to have stayed in East Berlin so long Why did I do it? I don't know Call it foolish sentimentality if you wish Or maybe it was sheer stubbornness I was born in that section of the city So was my father before me, his father, and his before him It was my city, my home and I was damned if anyone was going to take it away from me My grandfather and my mother had died in that section, one under the bombings, my mother as a result of atrocities during the Russian capture of the city My father—who knows what became of him He never returned from the war

My elder sister reared me. Then when she married and moved away, I was left by myself I got a job, in the western sector But I still lived in my old house And I had no intention of leaving

Things weren't too bad I had little interest in politics I was young I had enough to feed myself, to enjoy myself, and to more than pay the taxes and special fines necessary to maintain my pass to the Western zone.

Friends warned me that there might be trouble I ignored them And then one day, just like that, it happened The city was cut in half It was like a prison There was the wall It was the end My friends those who had warned me, were gone—in West Berlin, the sensible ones—in prison camps, those who had talked too loudly

So now I had to make a choice Would I shrug my shoulders sadly, give up and take all that was thrown at me, or would I fight back. I decided on the latter (Continued on page 59)

When a vice cop turns crooked, no man can ever be safe!

# HOW YOU CAN BE SET UP FOR BLACKMAIL

All this fellow has to do is make the least little play for the teasing "housewife" and she's ready to pounce like a tiger. Only a good fat payoff will keep him out of jail. A male cop is always nearby.

**ANONYMOUS**

I M A vice cop I've been one for seven years In that time I've learned that if you talk to a stranger in a public place, get a little loaded in a bar, accept a ride from somebody "going your way," get a hot number lined up, or, in general, go out looking for a slightly illegal good time, chances are one in five that before it's over you're going to be the victim of a vice rap Sometimes it's a real charge, sometimes when you leave yourself wide open, we just go ahead and manufacture it!

There's plenty of real vice in the city where I work prostitution, gambling, adultery, bookmaking, homosexuals, child molesters, rapists, hypes, the complete cods book rundown And each crime has its own price tag ranging from a possible six month to 20-year jail sentence or the alternate, a shakedown and cash payoff to us!

Sound cruel, cold, sadistic? It is And after seven years of watching the type of frameup operation and pure blackmail common to the vice squad here (and I'm as guilty as anyone), I'm getting out I have another job lined up and my wife is home packing right now The standard of living for the two of us is going to suffer, in these years as a vice cop I've always been able to knock down an amount equal to my official salary in bribes, gifts, and shakedowns With pensions and taxes and other deductions, that check came to about $175 every payday, every two weeks Not very much for a guy who's protecting the community's morals But that's not the reason I'm quitting Despite that lower standard of living, I might be able to look at my wife, as I did before I joined the vice squad and know that she's proud of her husband

That's why I'm blowing the whistle on these vice squad rackets Maybe if the innocent guy out for a good time is wised up to the danger of falling into a pre-set group of circumstances and the subsequent penalties, some of these frames and shakedowns will disappear and the vice squads can go back to being healthy, useful units of the police department instead of a group of men many times guilty of nearly every crime they're supposed to prevent.

The incident that bothers me the most, and the one that finally caused me to resign, took place several months ago I was working with my assigned partner, a 27 year old named George S (None of these names are real, they can't be The penalty for letting this type of information out of our "select" circle ranks second only to underworld revenge ) We were working the main train station in town I was seated in the car outside the front door of the train depot and George was inside on the prowl for just about anything He found it She was about 23, red-haired, wide-eyed, and sitting alone on a bench, surrounded by a few pieces of shoddy canvas luggage

George is a good-looking guy, built like an ex-college football player, which he was several years back When he smiled at the girl and started talking to her, she responded immediately He found out that she was alone and scared, that she'd just come in from Nashville and was trying to locate some relatives in the suburbs but couldn't seem to find them George also learned that she was broke and had nowhere to stay for the night. He was friendly and helpful, and finally offered to take her to dinner and then help her to locate the missing relatives

When the two of them came out of the station and took a cab, I followed He took her to dinner near the station and after she had eaten he began his pitch. I know that pitch I've worked with him before

"Y'know, honey, I was just thinking," he started, "I don't get away from home very much I'm married but my wife and I don't get along—even sleep in different beds I'm sure lonely" He paused to let that sink in and then continued, "I'd give anything, even $100, for a nice gal—a gal like you to spend the night with me It's a real shame I've got the money and it's doing me no good. What I need is affection "

What the girl needed was the money Faced with that, George's good looks and boyish appeal, and not knowing when, if ever, she'd find her relatives, the Southern Belle looked at (*Continued on page 44*)

The eyes of von Arzingen glistened with excitement. A new girl had been brought to the castle. Now was time for fun!

Lydia watched as the count advanced toward her. She began to whimper. "Please," she begged piteously "please don't hurt me." He stopped a moment to look at her, greedily, then swinging his long whip, he struck.



# LORD OF THE WHIP

by REINHARDT VOGELMANN

THE COUNT AND Countess von Arzingen sat quietly in the great hall of their castle in East Prussia and waited. Though the silence was almost oppressive in its totality, one could almost feel the suppressed excitement in the pair. Their eyes were literally riveted on the great oak doors of the room as they hardly breathed in anticipation of the violent action that was to come.

The year was 1822. And the great event to which they were looking forward with such jubilation was nothing more or less than murder!

Only a few hours earlier they had been informed that a young girl, a stranger in the district, traveling alone, was about to pass through their territory. Riders had been sent out to intercept her carriage and now the evil pair were waiting for the bewildered unfortunate to be brought in. It couldn't be long now.

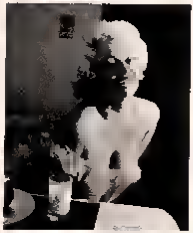
The minutes dragged on. And then, suddenly, the quiet was broken by the crashing of horses hooves in the courtyard below. There were muffled shouts, a half-stifled moan, some rough curses.

The count rose to his feet and strode to the door. "Hurry," he called out curtly. "Bring her up here. Smartly now. Move."

The tramp of footsteps came nearer and then they were in the room, two men, both masked each holding one of the arms of the terrified girl. They half dragged her across the floor as she stumbled, blind with terror, until they reached the farther wall. Then, reaching up, they grasped the slippery rope that dangled from a great iron rung and securely lashed her arms. As they stepped back, the girl stood helplessly, her arms over her head. She looked piteously about her, then, noticing the countess for the first time, *(Continued on page 55)*

# DIXIE

Dixie Evans, one-time extra in the movies, wows them as dancer!



## DIXIE

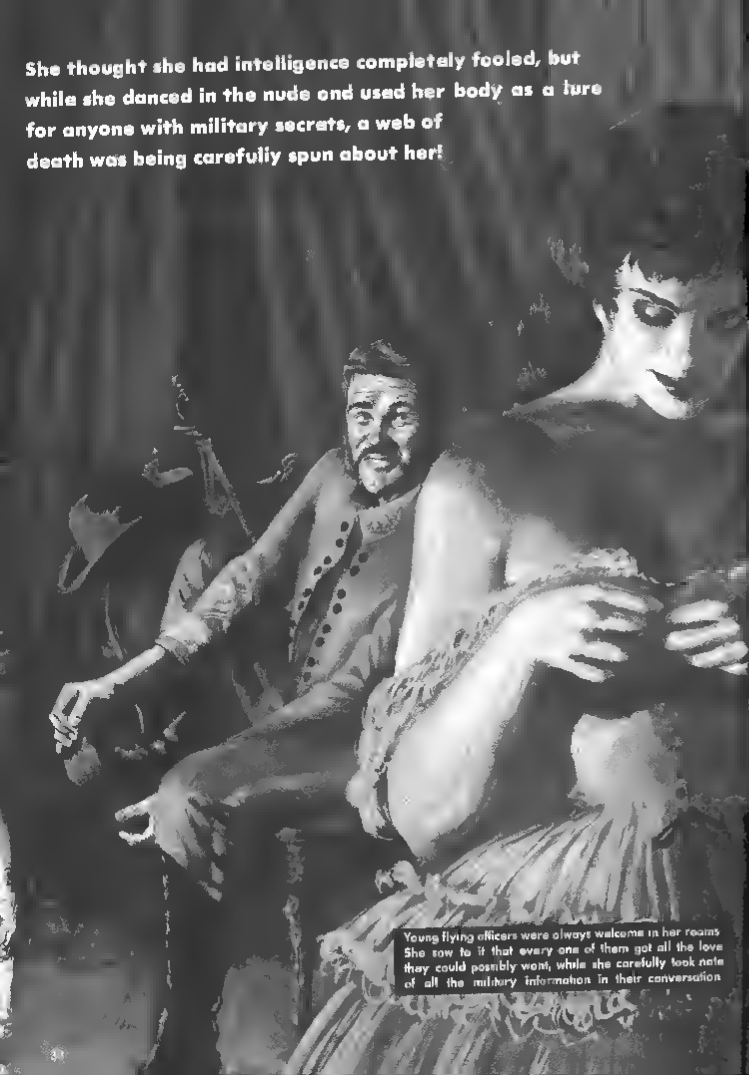
Just 5 5″ tall, 117 lb.

Dixie measures 37-25-38!

**She thought she had intelligence completely fooled, but while she danced in the nude and used her body as a lure for anyone with military secrets, a web of death was being carefully spun about her!**

# THE NAKED SPY OF PARIS

by JAMES FINNEGAN



Young flying officers were always welcome in her rooms. She saw to it that every one of them got all the love they could possibly want, while she carefully took note of all the military information in their conversation.

"C'est une *femme formidable et diabolique*."

The Frenchman brought his heavily-fleshed fingers up to his thick, sensuous lips and stifled the sybaritic belch he had been working on. The belch was certainly worthy of the rich food, the wine, and the drink that he had been pouring down his gullet the last few hours of this evening in 1903.

From under heavy lids he looked around the room. Richly furnished, heavily tapestried, dimly lighted, the air heavy with the smell of burning incense.

An Oriental gong sounded. Like his compatriots sitting around the room, the Frenchmen turned his eyes to the curtains that parted. A tall slim girl, wrapped in the folds of silks of the mysterious East, stepped bare-footed through the curtains.

This was "Lady" Gresha McLeod.

"As a child," she began, kneeling before the incense burner, "my life, my mind, my body, were dedicated to service of the terrible God, Siva."

Then this mysterious girl went on to tell, in her full-throated, sensual voice, how her early youth had been spent in the religious temples of the East in slavish dancing to the Javanese Gods. And how the rest of her life would have been given up to this slavery if it hadn't been for the handsome English officer who had rescued her when she was fourteen, carried her off, married her, and brought her to Europe.

Her recital over, "Lady" Gresha McLeod straightened her supple body and let her modest Oriental silks slide to the floor. There was a gasp that echoed throughout the room. She was completely nude, from her eyeballs to her toe nails, except for two brass cups that covered her breasts.

Slowly, sinuously, like a snake, this ivory-skinned maiden went into her dance. Her body shook and weaved, it twisted and (*Continued on page 52*)


Albert Dorne


Norman Rockwell


Al Parker


Joe Whitcomb


Austin Briggs


Ben Stahl


Fred LuSueur


Robert Fawcett


Harold Von Schmidt


George Giusti


Peter Helck


Steven Dohanos

# *We're looking for people who like to draw

If you like to draw America's 12 Most Famous Artists want to help you find out whether you can be trained to be a professional artist

Some time ago we found that many men and women who could (and should) have become artists never did Some were unsure of their talent Others just couldn't get to/notch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs

### A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this Taking time off from our busy art careers we pooled the extensive knowledge of art the professional know-how and the priceless trade secrets which we ourselves learned through long successful experience

Illustrating this knowledge with 5 000 special drawings we organized a series of lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting lessons that anyone could take right in his own home and in his spare time We then perfected a very personal and effective method for criticizing a student's drawings and paintings

Our training works well It has helped thousands find success in art

Herb Smith was a payroll clerk Soon after he started studying with us he landed an art job with a large printing firm This was four years ago today he's head artist for the same firm.

Gertruda Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled with us Now a swank New York gallery sells her paintings

### Father of Three Starts New Career

Stanley Bowen had three children to support and was trapped in a no-future job. By studying with us at home in his spare time he landed a good job as an advertising artist and has a wonderful future ahead.

Edward Cathcoy worked as an electrical tester knew nothing about art except that he liked to draw Two years after enrolling with us he became Art and Production Manager for a growing advertising agency

With our training Wanda Pickulski was able to give up her typing job and become the fashion artist for a local department store

### Earns Seven Times as Much

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied nights with us Today he is a successful advertising illustrator earns seven times as much and is having a new home built for his family

Reis Page of Payson Utah writes Thanks to your course I've sold more than 60 paintings at up to $100 each"

Even before he finished our training schoolteacher Ford Button had sold a monthly comic strip to one national magazine plus panel cartoons to a host of other magazines

### Send for Famous Artists Talent Test

To find others with talent worth developing we created a special 12 page Art Talent Test Thousands formerly paid to take this test But now we offer it free and grade it free People who do well on the test—or offer other evidence of art talent—may enroll in the School But there's no obligation Mail coupon today

**Famous Artists Schools**
**Studio 7432 Westport, Conn**

I would like to find out whether I have art talent worth developing Please send me without obligation your Famous Artists Talent Test and information about your courses.

Mr. }
Mrs. } Age
Miss } ← Please print me and print name

Address

City Zone

County State

recall events. I wanted to get a grip on reality

But instincts are sometimes stronger than any method of rationalisation, and a sense of horror took over and made me open my eyes again. I peered through slitted eyes at the naked girl sitting opposite me, saw again that fixed cold stare.

Then it hit me. The two girls was dead.

I looked wildly around the hut and noticed without any actual thought that it was African construction and I had seen examples of this Tomko thatch before I pushed up to my feet and lurched blindly towards a current of fresh air

I needed that badly for my returning senses had begun to notice the odor of death in the hut. Lovely and oiled as they were, the smell of the grave was on those two nude girls.

There was no way out of the hut. That I discovered fast. I was locked in. I peered through a crack in the came structure and saw the pure moonlight night beyond and also the silhouette of an African village I shouted once or twice, my voice hoarse, my throat still painfully swollen Not even a dog barked in reply and I turned to look at my dead companions. A sort of horrible fascination led me closer to them I crouched down and slowly touched the soft smooth flesh of one girl She was cold, but not yet rigid and I wondered why. I wondered how long she had been dead and why she had died, for there was no sign of a wound or any wasting disease On the contrary, the girl seemed a healthy, matured specimen of about fifteen years She had a body any man would have desired

I slid my hands over her rounded stomach, with some sort of inner disgust and yet there was this ghastly fascination. I bent closer to her The soft mouth seemed inviting even in death—and then I looked into her eyes and shook knocked me back

Death and the grave, the awesome world about which we knew nothing, was all I saw in those lifeless black eyes This was not a living creature The body was soft, pliable and even inviting but that was all. Again I wondered why, and it struck me that the dead girls were here for some special reason and the bodies had evidently been treated with some unknown African brew to ward off the inevitable rigor mortis and final process of decay

I located the door and shook it I wanted out But the damned structure was pretty solid Shouting was too painful. My throat was still sore with the effects of sea water, I had swallowed gallons of it

It was easier to sit down, conserve my strength and think bitterly about the past events

I had been resting about an hour in the silent hut when I realized the sky was lighter outside and there were sounds of activity in the village Then the death house door was rattled and finally it opened.

Framed in the doorway was a lovely girl, nude except for a bikini-like garment which was tight enough to be a second skin She was shapely, beautiful by any standard, her black hair done in a top knot She was tall, mature with a hint of intelligence in those black eyes. I stood up and she walked past me and gave a little gasp of astonishment She turned to address the two big loin-clothed native men who followed her into the hut. They were holding a third man

One glance at this limp body, stark naked, and I knew he was dead.

The girl spoke again to her followers She seemed to command obedience, a strange factor for me to encounter in Africa where women are usually subservient

It was fortunate I caught on to her dialect. It was the sing-song Krudoe—or a variation of it.

"The white man le alive," she said.

One of the native men let go of the dead man and folded his arms menacingly His voice was angry

"He will have to die We thought he was dead when we found him"

'He will die," said the girl 'Then I will possess him. He will be mine I will have this one—and may he last longer than our own kind"

She looked bleakly at me It was an expression that showed no interest in me as a man The dead naked body was lowered gently to the floor opposite to the two girls. I flung a glance, realised once again the corpse was healthy looking, oiled, with no sign of wastage or death by accident.

Then I spoke to the girl in her dialect. "I do not want to die. I have fought the waves to live"

There was mockery on her brown face "You do not interest me—alive"

Seeing the futility of speech, I tried to reach the door At the start of my dash one of the native men whipped out an ornamental dagger

While I was kept at bay, the other tribesman lay beside one of the dead girls and began to fondle her and make love to the lifeless but still pliable flesh His mouth dribbled and his eyes rolled with perverted frenzy

The lovely nude tribal girl was equally a necrophile, for I watched in hideous fascination as she offered herself to the dead man they had just brought in Her supple body writhed and rubbed against the corpse She did not kiss the cold eye-staring body, but rubbed noses with horrible sensuality, and locked her arms around the corpse She moaned sadly and I gathered that this was some ritualistic message to the dead

I guess the other man had intended to indulge in his worship of the dead with an orgy with the other dead nude girl, but I was not dead, as they had evidently expected, but very much alive and he had to guard me while his companion and the girl took their grisly pleasures.

For some crazy reason I remembered all the pattern of events leading to this grim situation

I WAS THE second mate on the Indian-owned freighter Baacuun, trading down the east coast of Africa, calling at ports from Dar as Salaam to Durban We took cheap imported goods down to Durban and the Cape and brought raw materials back.

We had an Indian crew, very good hard-working little men, with British engineer officers and a Scots skipper I was the only American not that my nationality worried anybody But two of the crew hated my guts from the start I had had trouble with these men the day they signed on One was the bosun and the other the carpenter They were white South Africans and real buddies but so far as I was concerned they spent too much time drinking and too little on their work

It's queer the way men take to hating each other. Maybe it started when I made some caustic remarks to Delaney, the bosun, about the state of his store

"When the hell are you going to get these ropes sorted out, Delaney, And what about those cans of paint?"

"I've been fer'ard—on the winch bawser Mister Hanson"

Every word was a damned sneer I felt like putting my fist into his wreathed face.

It was the same with Brandon the carpenter I would find him in the bosun's store, usually as high as hell.

"You've got a store of your own, I would tell him "And plenty to do by the looks of it What about that stanchion on the bridge deck?"

"We got another day, Mister Hanson.'

Nothing too bad about these incidents but they sparked off the enmity that existed between myself and these two men I remember we reached Mombasa on day, that Kenya port where the Kilindini railroad terminates, and we were there two days loading up Delaney and Brandon were missing most of the time, evidently dodging off over the side of the ship when no one was looking I went to look for them late on the second day I figured I would find them drinking

somewhere or in some low brothel. I did not bother the skipper about these trouble-makers and, anyway, my knowledge of African dialects was a great help in asking questions in native dives.

That was May 8, 1960, I know the sailing time.

Brandon and Delaney were drunk as hell when I located them in an Indian drinking den and both of them were being entertained by shapely Indian girls who were perched, practically naked, on the knees of my two malingerers. My appearance was not welcomed but I had a job to do. I had to get Delaney and Brandon back on board ship. I could see they did not give a damn whether they deserted ship or not.

I argued with them, tried to persuade them. They jeered at me from the start.

"You've started something Mister Hanson—now finish it!" This from Delaney who was proud of his muscles.

Completely enraged, I grabbed at Delaney with the intention of crashing his head against the nearest wall—a good way to deal with a drunk. I nearly made it when Brandon started on me with a roar. But they were drunk and I held my own even at two to one. I doubt if I would have been able to march two hefty men back to the ship but for the assistance I got in the persons of three uniformed Kenya Police. They had been passing and heard the disturbance.

So we sailed on time—May 8, 1960—with two vicious men who hated my guts. And two days later, only a mile off the Tanganyika Territory coastline, I was at the rail near number one hatch, watching the luminous lights on the sea, feeling reflective because of the darkness and the cooling breeze going inshore.

I never heard Brandon and Delaney creep up behind me or I guess I might have beaten them to it. But it was those two, sure thing. To get to the point, the first thing that happened was a terrific blow on my head.

That nearly finished me. I can't remember now why it did not. I sank down to my knees as darkness rolled over my conscious thought. As I recall, I must have clung to my two attackers. Then a sickening blurred awareness during which time I fought and fought. They had hauled me up and slung me halfway across the rail. With the fear of death on me, I clung to the rail, to my attackers, anything.

They won. No one came to my rescue. The silent scuffle went unnoticed in the dark. I last saw Delaney and Brandon leaning over me, triumphant expressions. I held onto the rail and they hammered at my hands. Then a boot thudded into my face. I felt blood trickle down my

lips. Delaney pried my left hand away from the rail. I swung feebly at him. He thudded another blow between my eyes. Only my right hand held me from the drop into the dark sea below. Brandon's foot rammed under my chin and then, like a lever, pushed me slowly outwards.

The plunge into the sea was like a merciful release, until the water shocked me, and then I struck out fiercely knowing instinctively I had to get away from the pull of the ship's screw.

I bobbed up and down, saw the ship disappearing. I shouted but that was futile. Then I was alone.

I swam slowly at first knowing the foolishness of striking out in a furious attempt to reach the dark smudge that was the distant solidity of land. I wondered about the possibility of sharks. Some minutes later I realized I was in the grip of a strong current sweeping slowly inshore and yet moving almost parallel with the coastline. I decided to go with the current. I would float along, conserving my strength.

But after hours of this I got numb with the cold water and my lips and throat began to thicken under the endless duckings of brine. I struck out with some new vigor. I swam on and on through the night, blinded by salt, catching only fleeting glimpses of the low-lying shore.

Eventually I knew nothing except some fantasy about a man crawling out of the sea and drawing exhausted limbs up a sandy beach. That man must have been myself, but I cannot separate reality from nightmare. Except when I came to in that death but and found myself among reality that was disgusting and dangerous.

AFTER SOME time the sickening performances by the necrophiles came to an end. The nude native girl, who one of the men called Hala, got up from her corpse and stood silently before me.

"Yes, you will die," the said softly. "But first you will be taken out of here. This *Ma-Ra* is just for our dead lovers. You will be brought back here when you are dead."

I flicked my eyes over that nude body, new warm with exertion. I looked at her perfectly formed, pendulous breasts and her soft copper-skinned belly.

"Why make love to a corpse?" I said boldly in her dialect. "I'll make love to you—and I'm alive and vigorous."

I felt vaguely sure there was a way of escape through Hala. If I could find out what made her tick.

I found out all right. I was taken to another native hut and my hands tied behind my back. All this at the point of a dagger. I was pushed down. For some time I was alone with Hala while she mixed some lousy brew in a clay pitcher. She worked over a small fire, squatting close to me, her body glistening.

Then the hut door opened and three young women sidled gracefully into the place, their lithe naked bodies moving sinuously as they came close to me and stared down in complete silence. I thought they were naked but they had on this tight snakeskin bikini.

"He is mine," said Hala to the others.

"You are our High Priestess," was the reply as near as I can translate.

"I am preparing the potion that will kill him," continued Hala. "And another to keep his body from decay for a long time. I will go to him willingly when he is lifeless clay. I will love this dead man for a long time—that I swear by our Goddess and the everlasting dead."

My flesh began to creep. I had a hideous mental vision of myself in Hala's lustful arms, her warm lips searching for my cold mouth, my lifeless neck rolling against her smooth breast. With a curse, I struggled against my bonds, not that this was any good, but it brought me up against reality and dispelled further nightmarish thoughts.

I had read about necrolatry, this disgusting desire to worship the dead and embrace a corpse. this horrible wanting to mix with the odor of death but had given it no more thought. But this was Africa and it was happening to me. These natives evidently had their own variation of the cult, judging by the little I had seen so far.

The young women left and I was alone with Hala again. I made another attempt to reach any normality left in the girl.

"Hala, you are beautiful—let me touch you—caress you—hold you as a girl should be held by a lusty man! Don't you want to be loved by a living man?"

A flicker of doubt shone in her eyes. Then "*Aha!*" The dead need our love. The Gods say this and it is true. I must love you—when you are dead!"

"Untie my hands," I urged. "I will kiss you as the white man kisses his bride."

"I know nothing of such things."

At the time I was more aware of the danger to my life than anything else but looking back I see a certain amount of interest in the way Hala clung to her faith in her cult. The perversion evidently had an established ritual in the community, probably arising out of some ancient tradition. Based on this the African girl had no disbelief. Although beautiful in body and face she was a product of the Dark Continent where disgusting rites are commonplace.

Hala worked slowly at her potion, typical of the slow tempo of an African life. I tried my bonds for slackness. No dice. I contemplated

jumping to my feet and barging right through the cane and reed structure, but knew I would go no real distance before being stopped by a native with a knife. Then Hala rose gracefully, holding a wooden bowl. She set it on a ledge. "This will ensure death, white man." She picked up another bowl, set it beside the other. "You will drink this, too. It will keep you lithe although you are in the Forest of Death."

"Blast you!" I muttered.

"I go to summon the other women. They must be here to see you drink."

Leaving me alone in that hut was where she made her mistake. The old gimmick of switching cups fm me at once I got to my feet, stared desperately around. I saw the pitcher of water Hala had used. I turned my back to the wooden bowls, used my finger-tips to empty the potions on the floor. Then I moved over to the pitcher and by some contortions filled the bowls again with water. It looked a bit too clean. I scooped up some dust and sprinkled it into the water.

It was not like drinking Dutch Lager when, ten minutes later Hala had some twelve shapely native women staring dispassionately at me, but it was better than her devil's brew. I drank the dirty water hoping for a break somewhere along the line.

I figured one bowl had contained poison. So I had to act like I was dying. I gasped a little, choked. I hoped this was the right reaction. Then I slowly closed my eyes and feigned a stupor. Slowly I rolled face down because I figured it was possible I had the wrong facial twitchings.

I heard a chorus of incantations. There were sounds of the women leaving. Then silence. I waited, breathing only slightly.

The act was wasted. I was alone. I looked around carefully, little realizing it would be hours before anyone returned. But that is the way it was. I spent many interminable hours waiting, waiting, wondering if I was being watched and what would happen next.

Then sick and exhausted with the strain, I heard noises at the door—women's voices chanting softly. I went into my act of feigning death. I still clung desperately to my hunch that I would get a break.

The women carried me to the death house. I just lay limp, eyes shut. I was laid on the floor. I knew instinctively I was back in the death House. Slowly the women's voices faded away. But one person remained. I heard movements, guessed it was Hala.

I felt a knife slice through the bonds around my wrists. I lay limp as Hala turned me over. Then she began moaning some plaintive dirge and I felt her soft hands oil my body. My shirt was cut away

She began to fumble with the buckle of my belt. I opened one eye. She was busy, looking downwards. There was a madness on her lips as she prepared for her orgy with a dead man. She thought I was a corpse and she was willing to offer herself to the lifeless. She would give her warm young flesh to the dead, to the grave-bound and the odor of decay.

I had had enough. My hands were free—so I moved! Hala shrieked and I thrust a hand over her mouth. There must be no warning to the others. She struggled madly from the beginning, her warm naked body writhing against mine, her teeth biting my hand. She twisted, thrusting for the knife. I beat her to it. I grabbed the knife handle and she tried to hold my arm. I whipped my arm around and she fought fiendishly for the knife. Hala was completely a savage, using teeth and fingernails and kicking like hell.

I do not know how it happened. Somehow, in spite of everything, I didn't want to kill her but oil from my body and her furious struggling brought the knife swiftly down to her belly. She jerked and the knife sliced in a wide arc, cutting deep into the brown skin, gutting her in fact.

Blood spurted over me. Hala splayed her hands over her belly and attempted to damn the flow of blood while her eyes rolled in pain and disbelief. I grabbed the knife again, thinking I might need it. I stumbled across two other corpses on my way to the door. I looked back. Hala was dying

But none of the native necrophiles would make love to her for she had a horrible wound and after death rigor mortis was her lot. Poor Hala!

It was strangely easy to slip around the death but and into the jungle. Unnoticed, I made off and two days later made contact with civilized natives who took me to a mission.

Weeks later I rejoined my ship at Beira. I made my statement to the police. Delaney was actually picked up at a Seaman's Hostel in Durban where he had signed off. Brandon disappeared entirely. Maybe he's somewhere in Africa now.

I hope the murderous swine meets up with some of Hala's pals! ●

## SET UP FOR BLACKMAIL (Continued from page 31)

the table shyly, and finally said, "You've been very kind to me. If you really want to—but I'd better warn you first that I'm not very good." Then blushing deeply, "I've only done this once before—to a boy I was engaged to at home."

I tailed them to a middle class hotel, watched them register, and then sat in the lobby for a half hour with the evening paper. When I finished the sports section, I asked the clerk which room they were in, went upstairs and knocked on the door.

George opened it, said, "We got us a little Pro—imported from the Old South." He pointed to the girl who was sitting on the bed in her bra and panties. I told her that she was under arrest for prostitution. He opened her purse, took out the marked $100 bill that he had given her earlier, and handed it to me as evidence. The serial number of that bill was written on a special slip of paper locked up in the squad room down at police headquarters.

When she realized what had happened, the girl went into hysterics. We sat down near the window and talked about baseball until she quieted down. Finally George said, "Honey, we don't have to run you in if you'll play ball with us." The girl dried her eyes but her chin was still quivering. "You're a cute little thing and you've got a lot of Southern charm if you know what I mean. Now suppose we get you an apartment and send our friends up. You keep half—we get half. . . ."

As far as I know she's still in partnership with George, and her relatives still don't know that she's in town. I couldn't take it, easy money or not. I walked out on that one. I draw the line at pimping.

In legal terms, what we had set up was a combination of entrapment and blackmail. Entrapment is the planting of a criminal idea in a citizen's mind by an officer. It can be as innocent as a motorcycle cop exceeding the speed limit and encouraging you to do it so he can pull you over, or it can be as complicated as a morals charge. The difference lies in the publicity and the notoriety. Nearly everybody gets a traffic ticket sooner or later. But a vice squad arrest and a morals charge hanging over the average citizen's head will affect his job, his career, his home life, even his life-long friendships. Just the mention of newspaper reporters waiting for some hot sex news is enough to turn the average arrest pale. Enough to make him stutter, "Wh-what can we do fellas? Ca-can't we square this somehow? How-how about some money . . . would that do it—money?"

It generally does. My first year on the vice squad I turned them down flat and even added attempted bribery to the original charge. My second year, I just turned them down. By the end of that year I was taking gifts; whiskey, clothes for my wife, theatre passes, and in one case, a refrigerator for our new apartment. I bought a new car and some new furniture, and my wants started to grow. By the fourth year I was as hungry as the old-timer, and went looking for the payoff. Along with the other vice cops I even had an unofficial scale of rates which ranged from $50 for feeding a minor

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a drink all the way up to thousands for some of the shortcomings in town. I degenerated. But good.

My first full fledged shakedown came as an accident, but as it turned out, paid off very well. It was daytime and we were working the bars along one of the main downtown streets. I walked into one of the places and the bartender nodded, threw a cork coaster in front of me, and asked what I'd have. I ordered a beer.

Three steels down from me two guys were huddled over a scratch sheet. The bartender, who had interrupted his conversation with them to serve me, was back into it. I listened for a while and then made my move.

I picked up my beer, sauntered over to the group and, looking over their shoulders at the scratch sheet, said, "I like Bright Eyes in the Eighth tomorrow."

One of the two, a pudgy-faced guy in a faded maroon sports shirt, answered, "Doesn't have a chance. Sara Lady'll beat her by six lengths."

I was in.

I sat down next to them and started comparing horse performance and track times. Within a few minutes I had learned that the three of them were going to the track on the morning bus.

I acted pensive for a moment and then said, "Wish I could go with you guys but I have to work tomorrow. Then, as if suddenly inspired, 'Say, would you do me a favor though? Here's five bucks. Would you put it on Bright Eyes for me? I'd sure appreciate it. Get a feeling about that horse."

"Sure," said the bartender. "That's okay. I'll be responsible for the dough. We should be back about six-six-thirty tomorrow night. But that horse you picked—I think it's going to be the last you see of the five bucks."

He was wrong. It was marked money. I walked to the door and nodded to my partner who was outside in the car. He came in and we arrested the three for bookmaking.

When we flashed our ID cards the bartender began to whimper, "Have a heart, guys. I was just being friendly. If I get booked on something like this I'll lose my liquor license and get a five hundred dollar fine. Maybe you'll get sent up."

Checking out the other two we found that one of them was on probation and he had no great desire to be taken in either. My partner tossed out the invitation. "Maybe, if you make it worth our while, we won't have to run you in. Maybe we'll give you a break."

The break they agreed to cost each of the drinkers $50, cost the bartender, who turned out to be owner of the place, $500 and a case of scotch. We even obligingly drove the bartender to the bank to withdraw the money!

It was that easy and from there on

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I learned the rest of the routines

One of the biggest shakedown rackets in this city revolves around male homosexuals. The city has a lot of them But they travel in small crowds and a vice cop would have a tough time breaking into one of those groups As a consequence, we developed a special technique for dealing with them Although the city supplies us with cars, Fords, Chevys, Plymouths, they're too easy to spot Instead, we use our own private cars when we're "cruising" for homos. I have a green Pontiac convertible and, on it, Illinois license plates which I lifted from a stolen car some time back when I was on Traffic. Although the final word of the law may frown on this switch, It's standard operating procedure here With that car and dressed in sports clothes with my ID card hidden in my right sock in case I have to strip down, I can pass for a typical tourist out on the town

The homos here, as in other cities frequent certain bars and we know which ones After closing hours I cruised the streets around these bars driving slowly, looking over the individuals who were walking along Within a matter of minutes I'd receive a small nod or a shy smile or some other form of invitation would pull over to the curb with a cheery, 'Hi! Can I give you a lift somewhere?' The homo generally climbed in and I set off asking "Where can I drop you?' The response, generally was "I don't know It's early and I feel like having some fun

"Me too," I responded, "I've been away from home for two weeks now and I certainly miss that little wife of mine She is a warm little number The girls here don't seem very friendly ' From there I would start to build the subject of sex and by the time I passed a pre-arranged corner where my partner was sitting in an official car the pickup with me was just about ready to make a physical proposal I'd lead him on, sometimes as far as a parking place in the hills or a motel but as soon as he made his first overt move, we nailed him.

There are variations on the technique We've done it with my partner or myself on the floor in the back seat instead of in another car We've done it dressed as college kids, standing at an abandoned street car or bus stop late at night and accepting a ride with an interested party And, in more cases than I want to remember we've arrested young guys who weren't really homos but who fell too far into our trap to get out

Of all the crimes which come under vice squad jurisdiction with the possible exception of child molestation the stigma of homosexuality is the one feared most by the average guy we arrest If we accused them of rape they might willingly take their chances in a courtroom But the charge of homosexuality, and the attendant publicity, is something no male wants to face. Regardless of outcome, some shred of doubt always remains in the minds of family, friends, and co-workers. Because of this, homosexuals pay off, and pay off well.

"The queers deserve a good shakedown," just about sums up the unofficial vice squad attitude toward this group.

Another good source of shakedown income and important vice information is the professional prostitute. But they're not easy to trap. They know the score.

About six months ago I had a tip that a pro was working one of our better restaurant-bars out in a swanky suburb I put on my best suit and dropped into that bar the next evening. Taking a small table at the rear of the room, I ordered an expensive dinner lobster and the trimmings. It took me about three seconds to spot the girl she was sitting at the bar and she had a pack of matches folded around the handle of her handbag—one of the official signals between pros so they won't work the same guy at the same time.

When my lobster arrived I told the waiter to send the girl a drink with my compliments When it was served she turned around and thanked me and from there, it was simple enough to wave her over to the table In a few minutes she was seated next to me sipping on her drink and carefully taking in the suit the lobster and the over-sized tip I had out for the bartender After a few introductory remarks she said, "What do you do for a living?"

"Nothing very exciting I own a small factory outside of town Government work, defense contracts, things like that."

Her interest widened By the time she was on her third drink I had convinced her that I was lonely and that I'd give anything—up to $50—for an hour with a friendly female I pointed out that my conversation probably embarrassed her, but that if she knew where I might find a female of that type I'd certainly appreciate it.

With a little hedging, she finally admitted that she was a professional and asked if she would do

Naturally I acted delighted

She suggested a small hotel on one of the hills and we took a cab there my partner following us. I had my way with her as they say in those old-fashioned novels, and then we made the pinch The girl had two prior prostitution pickups and this one was a sure jail term so she was ready to wheel and deal on our terms The deal as it was finally set up called for her to supply us with the names and operating places of five other call girls in town any five In return, we'd let her go She gave us the information and the two of us made the front pages the next

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DECEMBER 1964

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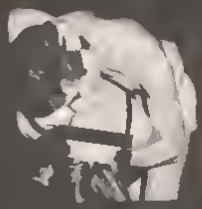
As it slices soft flesh—see page 32

VOL 6 NO 3

# MAN'S ADVENTURE



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day for "cracking" an organized prostitution ring

However, a pickup doesn't have to be a pro to find herself in serious trouble with a vice cop. One of my partners attended a church dance one night, noticed a sexy young blonde who was wiggling a little too much for his comfort. "That one's looking for trouble" was his only comment. He danced with her for a while, finally talked her into going outside for a cigarette. They necked and he eventually made a serious pass at her. She turned him down, flat

He arrested her for "offering", a crime in this and most other states, gave her the choice of coming through or being booked. She chose the former

In the same way, the average guy on the street leaves himself wide open for blackmail, as well. Our vice squad has a number of female vice cops some of them as sexy-looking as chorus girls. They work the bars, social events, sports opening nights, big parties. And while they're working they manage to lead quite a few guys astray

One I remember used to dress in tight skirts and low cut blouses, she ke her hair down in early movie star style. Sitting in bars she'd sooner or later strike up a conversation with a guy and when he made that inevitable pass—verbal or physical—she and the male officer who was always around would make the arrest

Another did a rushing business in movie houses. She'd spot a guy sitting alone and would move into his aisle. She made sure to smile prettily at him when he stood up to allow her the seat on his far side. Shortly after she was settled next to him her arm would creep close to his and the guy, spurred on by this activity, would put a tentative hand on her knee.

For him no more movie but a fast real-life trip to the police station or quiet payoff to the girl's male partner in the men's room

Sometimes the vice officer finds a real gold mine. Last year a youthful-looking cop was picked up and propositioned by the wife of one of our wealthy civic leaders. The payoff was enough to help retire the guy. Another vice cop I know accidentally found some pornographic films of a girl who is now a top movie sex-dish. Through some contacts in Hollywood he offered to take the films out of circulation if she were willing to put some cash back in. She was. The one biggest payoff I know about was $15,000 paid to a vice cop by an abortionist. Teaming up with an unmarried pregnant girl, the cop had her go through the entire abortion as evidence, then confronted the frightened doctor with the demand for that amount of money. He paid gladly

The one primary rule for any shakedown, however, is "never go back for seconds." The invitation to another payoff could be a setup with the Police Department internal affairs group waiting to trap the vice cop. The slogan is widespread and well-heeded. It has even been scratched into the side of one of the metal lockers in the squad room.

Other than a setup there are few ways in which this type of entrapment and, subsequent, blackmail can be traced or stopped. Although newspapers, television, newsreels, and other forms of public communication, use the word 'allegedly' when they report the cause of arrest, the public at large is too willing to take the story for its sensational value and believe the worst about the individual who was arrested. Even in cases where the accused was proven completely innocent of the crime that individual has had a difficult time living down the arrest. I know several so accused who were forced to move from this city, dozens who have changed their names and their jobs

It's a two-part problem, common to any locality where a vice squad is active. Shakedowns will exist wherever there is fear and wherever an individual pulls out the wallet to try and buy off the complaint. Better salaries for the police might help some but there will always be a few badge-wearers who are on the job strictly for the fast buck and the easy shakedown.

Entrapment can only be beaten by the accused by good attorneys who may for a while lose their cases but who, eventually, will help to create a public and judicial awareness that entrapment does exist in the community. All victims of entrapment should insist upon a lie detector test for themselves and for the arresting officers. Although this evidence isn't admissible in some states, it's a step in the right direction to prove that the accused should actually be the accusers, that the real criminals in many cases are the representatives of the Law

As I said, I'm through with it. I'm lucky that I know the schemes and methods of operation and I'm going to steer clear of any situation which begins to smell like it might turn into a vice squad trap

About the only valid advice I can offer people who aren't in the know is to go slow whenever you're considering any action that runs aloud of our moral codes. That smiling blonde on the street, the friendly guy who talks baseball in a bar could very well be setting you up for a one-way ride into a situation which can change and very easily ruin the rest of your life!

So buddy watch out! ●●●

Continued from Page 45

## NAKED SPY OF PARIS

(Continued from page 39)

turned, it undulated and flowed. Strong men felt their muscles flexing of their own accord, and if there were any women present, they were tempted to faint—out of pure envy.

Who was the talented "Lady" McLeod? Where did she pick up the gimmick of the Oriental dance and the exotic history that went with it, the slavery to the Javanese God, Siva, the romantic rescue by the Englishman?

Was she a phony, a con?

Was her story true?

From the evidence Parisians believed it and ate it up. Even Colette that worldly famous sophisticate and Paris chronicler wrote: "She disrobed herself twirling a tall and dusky body, slim and proud . . . Paris raved about her chaste nudity . . . Men fought to pay her way . . . she would arrive almost naked . . . dance vaguely with eyes cast down and then disappear wrapped in somber draperies."

For the truth, however, you have to go back to the little Dutch town of Leeuwarden where Margaret Gertrude Zelle was born. Her father was Adam Zelle, a prosperous businessman. Margaret led a fairly normal life and spent the years from the age of fourteen to eighteen in a convent.

Quite a far cry from the "Lady" Gresha McLeod who performed her Oriental dances but fate plays its peculiar tricks, for little Miss Zelle and the "Lady" were the same person. And she became later in her career another person whom we shall soon meet one of the most famous female spies of all human history, none other than the notorious Mata Hari of World War I, who was reputed to have been responsible for the deaths of over fifty thousand Allied soldiers whom she betrayed to the Germans.

At the age of eighteen Margaret Gertrude Zelle, bored with life in the little Dutch town of Leeuwarden, answered a personal advertisement in the *Dutch News of the Day*. Captain Dutch Colonial Army, presently on vacation in Holland, amenable to meeting suitable girl with matrimony in mind. Should be well situated financially. Exchange references.

Some six weeks after answering the ad, Miss Zelle married Captain Rudolph McLeod of Her Majesty's Colonial Infantry, a man who had

knocked around considerably and already had established his own reputation as a rake. Thus began the fantastic career that took this little Dutch girl to a firing squad in France in 1917

The fortyish Captain McLeod took his young bride to his station, Batavia, Java. They had one son, Norman, and a daughter, Jeanne-Louise. The marriage was soon marred by both tragedy and scandal. Tragically their son was poisoned by a servant who sought revenge against Captain McLeod for some discipline that he had visited on a native soldier. And scandalwise there was the matter of Mrs McLeod's extra-curricular love affairs with young Army officers that were to set a pattern for the rest of her life

The Captain and his wife had bitter quarrels over her love life. She later claimed that he beat her viciously

Whatever the facts of the matter were, it is known that the McLeod family returned to Amsterdam in 1901 and that relations were strained between husband and wife. The marital ties were dissolved in fact if not in name the day Captain McLeod listened to his young daughter innocently describe accompanying her mother to a house of assignation where that lady met her various lovers in Amsterdam

In an effort to smooth over the scandal Adam Zella financed his daughter's trip to Paris. There she first worked as an artist's model, and then graduated from that to performances as a dancer in private homes and arty salons first doing her version of Salome's dance of the seven veils, and then switching to her phony version of the sacred temple dances of the Javanese which the Parisians went for hook line and sinker. Curiously enough her biggest splash was made in the Guimet Museum a scholarly repository of Oriental curios. One of the honored staff members of that museum actually unburdened himself of a long speech explaining the religious significance of the 'Lady's' nude dance just before she went into her phony act

Properly launched on her dancing career Margaret Gertrude McLeod changed her name to Mata Hari a name which can mean a lot of things in Malayan It can be translated to mean *Eye of the Morning* In local slang however it referred to an article available for hire, like a taxi or a beach chair

Now known as Mata Hari she got top dollar for performances in the *Folies Bergère*, Trocadero, the *Marigny*, the *Théâtre des Champs Elysées* in the salons of the Chilean minister of the Princess Murat the Prince del Drago, and on the stages of London, Rome Vienna and Berlin

One enigma or perhaps we

should say two enigmas of the fantastic Mata Hari were the brass cups that she wore over her breasts, the only items she wore when she danced in the nude According to Mata Hari, she wore those brass cups because, she said, her former husband, Captain McLeod, had mutilated her in an exotic frenzy This romantic version was stoutly denied by the good Captain.

An explanation, not so romantic as Mata Hari's story, nor so chivalrous as it might be, came from the artists who had painted her in the raw when she had been working as a model. According to these artists, Mata Hari had a beautiful body except for the thing that marred it and about which she was very sensitive—her pendulous and ugly bust.

And yet, a French journalist, Louis Damur was moved to write that "the little breasts were covered with chiseled brass cups, held in place by thin chains"

It was a matter of putting your money down and taking your choice

And many of Europe's *bon vivants* did just that taying their money on the line For Mata Hari was one of the most hard-working courtesans the world has ever known According to some of the hottest diaries opened only to the privileged few Mata Hari's going rate was in the neighborhood of $350 for "un moment." When you stop to think what the dollar was worth in those days you have to admit that Mata Hari was as profitable an operation as General Motors is today

Mata Hari kept her nose to the grindstone Not only did she solicit on her own but she had female commission agents working for her, drumming up trade Her customers included the cream of European society, judges princes industrialists, men high in government and later on, when she was interested in digging out secret military information to be transmitted to the Germans, a heavy tayering of generals and other military men

Mata Hari moreover, did not limit herself to working just one side of the road She had an additional income on the side coming in all the time from *Abteilung III*, the German Intelligence Service

As early as 1904 Mata Hari had become a German spy Her code letter of identification was H21 Proof of her early history as a German spy is indicated by this code number, for H was the letter given to German spies by their intelligence service prior to World War I and August 1, 1914 After that date, new secret agents were identified by the letters that indicated the country of their origin For instance, a Belgian spy would have the letter *B* A French spy would have the letter *F* And so on And in each case that code letter would be followed by a serial number

In 1905, Mata Hari met the chief of the Berlin police, one Herr von Jagow, a very powerful figure in those pre-war days when he came down to the music hall where she was putting on one of her nude performances. His excuse was that he had come to inspect her costume.

In 1910, Mata Hari was sent to Lorrach in Bavaria for training in the spy school there.

Just before World War I began, Mata Hari was in France. She closed her villa at Neuilly where she had been living as the mistress of a high German Army officer who passed himself off under an assumed name His actual assignment was to supervise Mata Hari's espionage activities and their amorous relationship was only an added fillip of convenience

The tune was July of 1914 As soon as Mata Hari reached Berlin she went into consultation with the heads of the German espionage service And on July 28, 1914 the day World War I started Mata Hari lunched at the *Adlon* in Berlin with the aforementioned Herr von Jagow the chief of the Berlin police Amazing coincidence, was the later comment of the British and French intelligence services.

At the beginning of 1915, the head of the German intelligence service gave Mata Hari 30 000 marks (about $7500) and sent her back to France to gather what information of a military nature she could

Mata Hari went to work immediately She was no longer interested in top rates for her love It was now for sale for information. She cultivated military men and men in high government office Among her new lovers was a General Messmy of the French Army Another was the permanent head of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on whose official stationery she had the audacity to write her letters in code to Holland for transmittal to the espionage service in Berlin.

Another move was to visit several brothels frequented by French military men. She was seen there often by doctors on their regular tours of inspection although none was sure if the ware in the brothel as an employee or a client.

Mata Hari now became interested in the town of Vittel where the French were secretly constructing an air base She went down to that area on the pretext of visiting the hospital to console one Captain Marov, a Russian officer who had been wounded and blinded in action. She soon got busy, however, forgot about Captain Marov, and spent her time opening relations with young French aviation officers and pumping them dry of whatever military secrets they possessed

The *Deuxieme Bureau* in Paris was alerted by the British Military Intelligence Service which had begun to keep a file on Mata Hari, and it was determined to deport her

When she was advised of this, she pretended outrage. She said she was loyal to France and she offered to work as an agent for France. She even supplied information to the French that enabled them to sink two German submarines off Morocco. The German high command figured this was a cheap price to get Mata Hari accepted by the French as the genuine article.

Mata Hari further pointed out to the French that she was on familiar terms with the Crown Prince of Germany, with the Duke of Brunswick, and with a German potato dealer by the name of Kraemer who was actually a recruiting agent for German spies. She offered to go to this Kraemer, get information from him, and forward it to Paris.

French military intelligence seemingly agreed to go along with her plan. They sent her on a phony mission to Belgium and gave her the names of six spies the was to contact. Five of the six spies were known to be German agents supplying false information to the French. They went unmolested by the Germans. The sixth spy, however, was the real thing an espionage agent in the pay of the British. Following on Mata Hari's entry into Belgium with this information, the sixth spy was shot by the Germans. Draw your own conclusions. British and French military intelligence did.

The French were now ready to lower the boom on Mata Hari. They sent her, with the connivance of the British, down to Madrid, where they had broken the German code. If Mata Hari was actually a German agent, they figured, they could find it out from the code messages going from Madrid to Berlin.

When she got to Madrid Mata Hari put up at the Palace Hotel and became the mistress of one Lt. von Kroon, the German naval attache in Spain, and also the head of the German espionage system in Madrid.

Towards the end of December, 1916, von Kroon got a radiogram from the German HQ ordering Mata Hari back to Paris. The lieutenant sent a coded radio message to Amsterdam requesting that 15,000 pesetas be made available to H21 when she arrived in Paris. The monitor on the Eiffel Tower picked up this message, decoded it, and the French were only too happy to permit Mata Hari to reenter their country now that they had conclusive proof that the was a German agent.

Mata Hari was arrested in Paris on February 13 1917. She was committed to cell number 12 in the prison at Saint-Lazare, tried by a military court, found guilty, and sentenced to die.

Her protests that the large amount of money she got from German Army men—as high as $7500—were fees paid to her for services rendered for amour rather than espionage, were looked on by the French Army glumly and skeptically. Thrifty by nature, the Frenchmen could not see any man paying that high a price for any woman no matter how many brass cups she wore.

Her seventy-five year old lawyer made a last minute plea that she could not be executed under French law because she was pregnant. He claimed to be the father. Since he got about only with the aid of a cane, the French snickered derisively. Mata Hari, herself, got a laugh out of the suggestion.

On Monday, October 15, 1917, Mata Hari was taken out at dawn and shot by a firing squad. One version has it that before she fell her last words were. "*Ah! Ces français!*"

But the story of Mata Hari did not end with her death. For the next morning her grave was found opened and her body had disappeared. One version had it that the firing squad had its rifles loaded with blanks and that an old lover had rescued her.

Another version, less romantic, and probably true, had it that her body had been released to a medical college for dissection as a cadaver. Right to the bitter end, Mata Hari's body was earning its keep. ◆◆◆

## LORD OF THE WHIP (Continued from page 33)

She looked in that woman's direction. "Please," she whimpered, "help me. I beg you."

"Quietly, my dear," the Countess said gently, rising up. She walked over to the nearly helpless girl and tenderly stroked her face and hair. "What's your name child. And where are you from?"

"Lydia. Lydia Simpson. I'm . . . I'm from England. I'm just traveling through . . . I'm not a criminal . . . I haven't done anything. Let me go. Please let me go."

"There's nothing to be frightened of, Lydia," the countess said softly. "It's only a game we're playing. Just relax, my dear, and as soon as the Count has finished we'll be delighted to have you untied. Just be patient a little bit longer. And now, if we can just see what you took like. Hans — Friedrich!" She motioned sharply to the pair of masked servants.

The two men grinned, stepped forward and grasped at the prisoner's clothes. There was a ripping sound and in less than a minute Lydia's clothing was torn from her. The young girl's body glistened in the firelight, her breasts trembling with the muscular contractions of fear, her long smooth legs glistening with the cold sweat of terror.

"All right now. Hans. Friedrich. Leave us now."

The two men bowed low and backed out of the room, carefully closing the great door behind them. The count walked over after them and quickly slammed home the huge bolt. He looked at his wife and smiled. "Very well now. Let's get to work."

Slowly, elaborately, the two of them began to strip themselves. Making almost a ritual of the undertaking, it was nearly five minutes before they too stood completely nude.

Then finally, the count strode purposefully forward. He stopped by the wall, only a few feet from the now horrified Lydia, swung back a panel and extracted two huge whips. "Trude my dearest," he bowed and handed the countess one of the instruments of pain.

Then, unfurling his own long thong of discipline, he swung it back and lashed out with all his strength.

Lydia's scream of pain was only the first of a long series of awful sounds that came from the castle hall that night. The pair worked over her slowly, carefully and deliberately. And they operated like the experts they were. Every lash fell where it would do the most good. Every blow was calculated for the agony it would cause. The tenderest portions of Lydia's anatomy were systematically covered with welts. The lush curves of her young flesh were almost lovingly operated upon, each inch delicately opened up into bloody scars.

Finally, after nearly an hour, when the first screams of fear and pain had turned into animal mulings and insane shrieks, the two terrible killers finally lost control. Mouthing obscenities so foul that even the devil might have been shocked, they slashed away with all their power. The flesh, in huge gobs, was literally being torn away from the bones and the blood spurted out, covering whips and whippers with the final offering of the dying victim.

Only when the last scream had choked off into a death rattle did the unholy duo throw down their whips, as they sank together onto the bloody, oily floor writhing together in an orgy of perversity.

The terror was over for the night. So was the passion. It was time now for rest and recovery.

THE DESCRIPTION OF events just given are not imagination or mere recreation of suspected happenings. Rather they have been taken, albeit in a condensed form, from the actual diary of Ermintrude, Countess of Arzingen. According to her own written testimony, she transcribed the orgy of pain and sex within one hour of its occurrence. It is also from this same diary, kept with meticulous care over a period of more than twenty years, that we learn the full and horrible story of Albrecht Volsung Liutprand, twenty-fifth Count of Arzingen.

There is little doubt that Albrecht was a psycho. Tall, handsome, athletic, rich, of good family, excellent breeding and fine education, he should have been a brilliant success in any of the fields of society, politics or military service, in which so many of his friends participated.

But Albrecht was always a lone wolf, a solitary figure who rejected friendship and society. His father, a soldier, had been killed during the Napoleonic Wars. Thus as a young man Albrecht found a natural place administering the villages and lands of his ancestral estate.

He tried hard. But results were rather undistinguished. He admitted to his wife that his only pleasure was his duty as local magistrate. He enjoyed the power. And he relished even more using that power.

At the age of 17 he personally put to death his first victim. There was nothing wrong or illegal about it. Actually the local villagers widely applauded him for the act. He was considered to have served justice magnificently. The daughter of the chief jailer and executioner secretly murdered her own illegitimate child. Her father could not bring himself

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to perform the necessary act of retribution So the count did the job himself

And by that one act Albrecht came to know himself The pleasure he got was ecstatic it was like nothing he had known before

From that point on, the young count began a new career, that of punishment and murder It wasn't difficult His power was too absolute And there were always victims available

At the age of 20 Albrecht married it was as if fate had designed his mate for him For Erminirude, a sweet, luscious innocent at her wedding, found in herself as deep a love for pain torture and blood as her husband

Within a week of their marriage, the new countess was permitted to beat to death her own first sacrifice She found it extraordinarily exhilerating The words are her own

More and more the two of them found a prelude of blood and screaming a necessity to their own passion

Love without pain the Countess stated is excessively boring

In 1818 they discovered the writings of the Count da Sade the prophet of pain then languishing in a French jail They were entranced In 1820 they made a trip to Paris in an effort to meet their idol That they were unsuccessful hardly matters For what they learned of perversity in Paris more than made the trip worthwhile for both of them

In Paris they took part in at least two sadistic orgies Full and fouly complete versions of the events that took place there are described in all detail in the diaries of Erminirude

Back in Germany in 1821, both were now discontented They missed the action and variety of Parisian life And their attempts to recapture some of the glamour were horrible failures

Their behavious became more and more hysterical The capture and killing of Lydia Simpson was only an early example They had hoped by taking and using a totally unknown and guiltless individual to give themselves a newer and greater excitement They enjoyed it but it was over too quickly And there were very few strangers traveling within reach in those days

They themselves went to nearby cities and towns and openly recruited victims At one point Erminirude records that they actually purchased from a man the right to murder his wife The price paid? Ten marks of gold

During the period from 1823 to 1827 they played a bit with some of the infernal torture machines that supposedly were designed to keep the victims alive and suffering for a longer period of time But although these engines of terror undoubtedly worked as advertised the pair found them un-rewarding

A machine is too impersonal," Erminirude complained One has the feeling of being a mere spectator at a theater rather than a participant and an active actor in the play of death One needs to hold the tools in one's own hands a knife a cudgel, a hammer or a whip And of all these, the whip is unquestionably the best It sings so sweetly it gives off a lullaby of love

All in all the diaries record that 819 persons were tortured and killed by the two von Arzingens And yet, in all the time right up to 1832 not a single attempt was made to bring either of them to justice No complaints were made There were no investigations Even if there had been, in all probability the reaction against the French Revolution would have only drawn the entire nobility of the area to the defense of the two fiends

On 1832, Albrecht died From the description of his last moments, he seems to have succumbed to a stroke His death took place during the murder of the 819th and last victim Just as his whip cut into the flesh of a bound maidservant and as the jet of blood spurted out over his chest, Albrecht stumbled gave a low grunt and tumbled to the floor He lay there some minutes unable to move his right arm or leg or even to raise his head He could speak only in a choked mutter Then suddenly his body gave a huge convulsion When his wife tried to rouse him again, she could find no sign of life

Erminirude outlived her husband by less than a year She seems to have gone almost completely mad as a result of his death The succeeding count her 16-year old son tried everything to make his mother happy But nothing could arouse her interest Her diary consists of meaningless rambles — the work of an insane and helpless woman

In November of 1832 she wandered out of the castle Her family and their servants looked for her everywhere When they discovered her twelve days later, she was already dead And even her end was hellish For she had died like her husband during the commission of a perverse act Indescribable outside of a medical journal

Why the Von Arzingen diaries were not destroyed no one can say But they were locked up Only the final destruction of the family and the castle during World War II brought the documents to light

Perhaps it was only a deep and true justice that made it so For if it had not been for that accident, the crimes and horror of Albrecht and Erminirude might have been undetected for eternity It is only right that humanity know them for the fiends they truly were ●●●

## ESCAPE FROM EAST BERLIN

(Continued from page 29)

Again let me say that my decision had nothing to do with politics. I just refused to let other men rule my life. Just as before I would not let myself be forced to move, so on that day of decision I refused to be forced into staying. Now they tell me that what I chose was in answer to the call of freedom. If that is what freedom is, so be it. That is my way.

Escape I saw quickly, would be no easy matter. You cannot know what East Berlin is like. Everything is set and arranged for control. The city is filled with police, both secret and uniformed. Spies are everywhere. Even those who might wish to help you do not dare. No one can be trusted—no one at all. By law and by power, the communists may do as they like—arrest a man or shoot him down on the spot. No one questions the police.

The only safety is in obedience—only relief is in supine acceptance, absolute and unquestioning. Escape was impossible. For there was the wall.

Yes, there was the wall, mile after mile of it, running through the city, blocking off every avenue of escape. There was the wall, facing West Berlin, and no one could cross over.

And I looked around me and I laughed. These Russian Communists they had escaped from the prisons of the Czar. Hadn't they taught us that? And the German Reds, hadn't they escaped from Hitler's prisons. And Eisler, our so-called leader, hadn't he escaped from the Americans. If they could do it, so could I. It only needed thought—and time.

I bought that time. And while I was about it, I bought a little freedom from suspicion, a suspicion that attached itself to everyone who had been employed in the west. I volunteered to help work on the wall—to build it.

They smiled at me for that and

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patted me on the back. They watched me too, of course, watched me like a hawk. I couldn't have made a break if I had wanted to, not with a tommy gun at my back. So I made a virtue of necessity and worked with such gusto, that finally even the sergeant of police complimented me on my energy.

That I knew, could be useful. In a police state, a friendly glance from a sergeant is like an open sesame to life. To me it was especially useful. For I realized suddenly, in a great flash of inspiration, that while the front door was securely bolted, the back door was as wide open as the sky.

So one day, I turned at the end of the day, and approached the sergeant. He nodded to me with a half-interested smile.

I tried to look miserable. That wasn't hard to do. I sighed. He looked at me a little more sharply.

I gestured to the wall and said sadly, "The job is almost finished. Then I'll have no work. How will I get along."

His slight frown relaxed. "Don't worry, he answered. "The state will take care of you. I have a friend in the building commissariat. If you wish, I'll put in a good word for you. You're a good worker. I've watched you."

"I don't know," I told him. "I'll think about it. But I'm sick of troubles and problems. Anyway, I'm a metalworker by trade, not a builder. Perhaps I should go to Leipzig. My sister lives there. She has been wanting me to come and live with her for years. I don't know. I'll think about it."

He shrugged. "Leipzig, Berlin, it's all one. There is room for a good man in any city within the German Democratic Republic. You came and see me when you have decided. I'll do what I can."

Enough was enough. He had given me more than I could ever have expected. To hang around further would only be pressing my luck. I want back home to plan.

The sentence about Leipzig had been meaningless but as I thought about it, I realized that here was my first step toward freedom. For I would be given travel permission, all essential in East Germany. Papers can be changed—or copied. Once out of Berlin, Leipzig could be changed to some border town—some town without a wall. Metalworker could be changed to farm worker—or carpenter or mechanic. But I needed the papers themselves to begin with. This way I would get them.

I waited two days before committing myself. Then on August 1st I presented myself at the police station at a time I knew that the sergeant would be there, and applied for permission to move to Leipzig. Within an hour, permission had been granted. The travel permit, complete with seal, plus the proper personal identification was in my hands. The go ahead signal had been given. From now on, it was up to me.

That afternoon I boarded the Leipzig train and left Berlin. I carefully made sure to take the local. For somewhere before reaching my destination, I had to find a way out. Once I reached Leipzig, my travel permit would be confiscated and I'd only be worse off than before.

As the train moved along, slowly, I was getting more and more afraid. I didn't know quite what to do—or even how to do it. I was certain that everyone in the compartment could read my thoughts. It seemed impossible that my face was not showing the furtiveness of guilt.

IT WAS AT Wittenburg a station about half-way between Berlin and Leipzig that I got the glimmering of a plan. When the train stopped several of the passengers got out and went to the station food stand for some bread and beer. I wasn't hungry at the time. I suppose I was too nervous. And then by the time the idea struck me it was too late.

'Ach, fool that I am,' I grumbled to no one in particular when the train was moving again. "Why didn't I join you for something to eat'

'Don't be so upset' an old man in the corner remarked. "There'll be a stop at Bitterfeld. It's not so far. You can get something there'

"Bitterfeld' I snorted. 'Never heard of the town'

Someone laughed. 'One station or another. What's the difference. All railroad stands are equally bad. You'll be poisoned no worse in Bitterfeld than in Wittenburg. Probably smaller poison since it's a smaller town.'

The old man nodded. 'He's right you know. Take it easy. It'll only be a few minutes.'

'I hope so' I said. "I'm starving'

At the station, I made a great show of eagerness yet I managed to be clumsy enough, stumbling over boxes and baggage, to waste a minute or so then dashed madly in the wrong direction, bumped into a trainman — asked directions, ran back again and took more time to find the food stand that any idiot could have spotted in a second.

Of course my delay had put a small crowd ahead of me. By the time I was served, and began leisurely to eat, the train whistled its readiness to depart. I took a few more bites of bread, then gulped some beer and started choking. By the time I had recovered and started to run out it was too late. The train was moving along at a good speed. I had missed my train. I was now stranded."

I explained my problem to the

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station guard, who told me I was a stupid oaf, and an uncivilized lunatic The next local would not come until the next day I asked him if he couldn't flag down the midnight express. But he looked at me as if convinced that I was ready for the asylum and told me to get out of his sight I complied. But instead of going back into the station to wait, I went out of the station. Since I had come from the station master's office, no one stopped me, especially since I had no baggage to mark me as a traveler

The afternoons are long in August, but even so, they don't last forever And to be out on the streets after nightfall would be inviting, at the very best, arrest. The police weren't stationmasters They wouldn't be taken in by any wild story about missed trains Travelers in East Germany don't miss trains—not if they want to stay healthy. Nor could I register at a hotel To do so I'd have had to show my papers and permit. The landlord would notify the police as a matter of course A few minutes later—a half an hour later at the most—prison.

I walked the streets for a while wondering what to do next, and then, just looking for a place to rest quietly, I dropped into a beer hall. A dumpy, washed-out, over-aged blonde, smiling at me from a corner table gave me my next idea There was ONE place a man could stay without being police checked I smiled at her and motioned She came over to join me

We drank and joked for a few minutes She was easy to get along with. I knew her business and she thought she knew my purpose 'Would you like to get out of here and go someplace else?' she asked

I shrugged. "How much?" I grunted.

Her expression never changed "A long visit or a short one?" she countered

"Who knows,' I answered.

"Ten marks for an hour—fifty till morning"

"Fifty marks!" The price was outrageous and she knew it

"Well forty then and I'll give you a good breakfast" she added as she saw me still wavering

"All right, forty then. Let's go"

"You won't be sorry," she said as we walked along toward her room. "I'll be good to you, real good. You'll see'

I laughed and squeezed her arm, then let my hand slide over her breast.

Up in her room she wasted no time at all Motioning toward a bottle of wine on a small table, she left me to pour, while she immediately started slipping out of her clothing In spite of myself, I couldn't help watching as she removed first her dress, then the flimsy bra covering her huge breasts then finally wriggling expertly out of a mishapen girdle that clung to big, fleshy thighs.

Had it been only a day since I'd left the luscious, sleek morsels of Berlin? From my reactions I'd have hardly thought so I moved toward her, arms outstretched She giggled as we half stumbled, half-fell on a large, unmade bed The tangle of bedclothes engulfed us, but I never noticed I was far too hay with metters at hand

She may have been old, but quite evidently she'd learned by all her experience She WAS good, as good as she'd claimed to be Afterwards I told her so.

It was later an, well past midnight, after we'd both had more than our fill of love and wine, that I began to talk. I don't know why I did—perhaps I was a bit drunk.

"Darmint," I began, "I wish I could get out of this town"

She broke off in the middle of a giggle and looked at me hard I got a sudden tightness in my stomach as she clipped out the single word "Why?"

I had started Now I had to continue, whether I wanted to or not And it had better be good For I recollected that in East Germany, as in most of the world, at least half the prostitutes are police spies

"I want better work—better pay," I mumbled, trying to sound unconcerned, careless and still drunk "I'm a metal worker I hear there are many good jobs in Suhl. High-paying jobs I'd give anything to go there But one needs papers, permits Those are not easy But why must I stay here and rot for the rest of my lifetime"

She was relaxing slightly Perhaps I was on the right track 'A lot of people would like to travel,' she said carefully, obviously choosing her words with thought. "But travel costs money and most of us are poor"

"I have money," I whispered

"A good deal can be bought with money," she said softly, her eyes fastened on mine

'How much?' I asked And this time there was no doubt of my interest

'A thousand marks?" she asked.

"And what would I get for that?"

She shrugged. "What you need A permit Perhaps a new identification—though that might cost a bit more"

"And you could get it."

"You have the money?" she asked bluntly. 'Let's see it."

I reached for my coat and pulled out some bills "Wait," I said 'How do I know you won't turn me in to the police?"

"Come with me if you wish," she said, reaching for her girdle. "And, oh yes don't forget my forty marks"

An hour later I was standing in the back room of a small printing shop watching with interest as my new papers were being turned out. The job was expert I had no doubt that quite a few others had passed this route before me—to Suhl—Berlin Leipzig Dresden—to who knows where Travel is a big business in East Germany.

Then, when they were finished and I'd paid out my cash, I smiled at the old slattern "It's a long time before morning," I laughed "I still have something coming on my forty marks"

She threw back her head and roared with glee then smacked me on the back. 'You're absolutely right you young lecher Come on along We'll finish our business in private'

The trip to Suhl took almost an entire day I had to make three changes of train And this time, I had no intention of getting off the train too soon Suhl is only twenty-five miles or so from free Germany

THE OLD GREY town is a gloomy place, today, nothing like the splendid city that has lived since the middle ages as the center of Germany's iron and gun trade They still make guns there today—for the Russians—but there's no joy there now Many of the buildings have not been painted since before the war It's grey—and gloomy—and dull.

I checked with the police I didn't dare not In fact I was stopped as I left the train and directed exactly where to report. Then I was assigned a room and given directions as to the location of the labor office

In the evening I wandered about the town trying to get acquainted with my surroundings I saw almost immediately that things would be much easier than I would have thought For like most old towns that house only specialized industries, many of the workers lived in small surrounding villages, bicycling or taking the bus to and from work each day A man, purposefully strolling out of town at evening's end of work would hardly be noticed If one were to leave at eight —say after a supper in town—as many did— and walk at about four miles an hour, straight west, the border would be reached before two True, one could not use the roads for more than an hour To try to move more than two villages in a straight line would be to beg for questioning Besides in the tiny towns a stranger would stand out. A cycle would be faster, but then where could one hide before dark, and at that time of the year, the sun does not set until near 10 No, walking would be best I could walk to the first village, break my trip with a glass or two of beer and then set out for my "Home' in the village beyond But before I reached it, I would leave the road and strike out across country hiding in the

first thicket I could find until darkness. After that it would not be so easy. As a city boy, I had little doubt of my problems in the strange open lands. And too, I had heard and read enough of the police traps the open plowed stretches, electrified fences and mined strips that the communists had set up along the border. My only advantages were two. First, there was no "wall". Second, Suhl was a carefully controlled town. Most people living and working there were dedicated to the "party". Only a complete fool like me would even contemplate picking their portion of the border to cross.

I made my move the next night. There was no reason to wait. And the first part of my trek worked out exactly. By nine thirty I was carefully holed up in a small woodlot nestled in the saddle of a low ridge of hills.

The darkness settled down slowly—inevitably. There was a slight wind from the east. It wasn't cold but I shivered. I tried to peer through the gathering darkness, tried to pick out a landmark a route, while I could still see. I settled on the North Star. It was the only star I knew. It had to be enough. I prayed that I could guide myself by it. Then, in the distance, I heard the baying of dogs. Whether they were the police or not, I didn't know. They were not looking for me but if it were the Reds and they found me, there wouldn't even be the chance of jail. Strangers in the night, walking towards the border find only freedom—or a bullet in the back.

I forced myself to move. I wanted to run but my mind kept forcing me into a slow walk. I had to get out of the woods as fast as I could. For within them there are too many dead boughs, crackling branches and fallen twigs that snap out a loud betrayal. Walk away from the moon, close against the edge of the shadow of the trees. Keep low. Keep alert. That's the best way.

The hours passed. Once in the darkness I almost walked into the side of a house. Another time, only the will of God kept me from falling into an open well. Somehow I stepped aside in the nick of time. How far I had come, I couldn't say. My watch told me that it was close to two o'clock. Ten miles—fifteen—twenty?

I kept walking. Another hour passed. The border had to be close.

Then just ahead of me the forest ended abruptly. For maybe a quarter of a mile, directly in front, the ground was open, smooth, treeless, bushless. This was it. The border. I stopped and waited. I had to be sure.

A sudden noise startled me. It grew louder and louder. A petrol car, moving steadily along. Then I could see it headlights beaming, a

huge searchlight playing along each side of its path. I lay flat—motionless, just inside the shelter of woodland and waited.

The vehicle passed by and disappeared though I could still hear it. Carefully I crawled forward.

I had covered maybe fifty yards—about halfway to the patrol road when my hand touched something. I drew back. Then carefully approached. A wire hair thin so as to be invisible stretched out about four inches from the ground. A booby-trap—an alarm wire certainly, possibly even attached to some booby trap. Anyone running—even walking across the open space would set off some alarm.

Painstakingly I stepped over it, feeling to make sure that some further trap did not exist. And it did. Just the other side about one inch from the ground was a second wire, ready to trap anyone who unaware, missed the first one.

I continued to crawl. Then, when I reached the roadway, I moved along the very tracks of the patrol car for a hundred yards or so. If my tracks did show up this might possibly confuse any followers for just a few minutes. That I felt was all I needed. The border must be close.

Falling to my belly again I continued to crawl. Yard after yard. Ahead of me, the trees were getting closer and closer. Then only perhaps two yards from the end, there was a sudden whistle. I threw myself to the ground, instinctively, and buried my head in the dust. Above me a clap of thunder exploded. The ground around me seemed to thud. A mine. I'd caught it somehow. By what miracle the shrapnel missed me. I'll never know.

All secrecy was over now. A siren blasted somewhere to my left. I heard shouts and the baying of dogs. I didn't wait. I jumped to my feet and ran—straight ahead.

Branches clawed at my face. I knew I was scratched, cut—bleeding. I didn't care. Maybe I'd die in the forest but at least I'd die on my feet, moving toward freedom.

Five minutes passed—ten. My breath was coming in short labored gasps. I was tired. I could hardly move. The ground seemed to catch at my feet. I fell down, and lay there sobbing. There were voices coming toward me. I tried to crawl away, but a beam of light pinned me down.

'Guten Abend, mein herr. Welcome to West Germany!'

I fainted.

I'm back in Berlin, now—West Berlin. It wasn't difficult. From the moment the border police picked me up—700 yards inside West Germany, I told everyone that my only desire was to go home—back home to Berlin. And that's where they sent me. Today I'm living not more than two miles from my former apartment. But what a two mile journey it was for me—a trip that took me almost three hundred miles. But it was worth it. I'm home now. And better than that, I'm free. Not Ulbricht, or Eisler, the Reds or Willi Brandt, or Adenauer of the west can order me about. The devil take all politics. I'll do as I please. And why shouldn't I. I'm a born Berliner. And I'm free.

Thank God!

• • •

## I MAKE SEX MOVIES (Continued from page 21)

to eat. This one supported herself by entertaining "clients" on the side. Oh well. As far as I could see, what she did for pay in the bright afternoons she did with me for free in the long, moonlight nights. We were a fit pair. We gat along wall together.

Anyway, my little rent sugar had a friend, a sort of AC-DC stripper, a bit haggish and over the hill but plenty of meat and potatoes when it came to general joy. Every once in a while the three of us would get together for an evening of kicks and after a few months we even got to the point of mutually trusting one another. So, when I happened to mention that cash was in low supply—and sugar chimed in to report that business had been on the cool side for the last couple of weeks, our girl friend suggested that maybe we'd like to put our passion on film. She mentioned the price a flat hundred bucks space a session, and suddenly both of us decided that we weren't the least bit bashful.

Next day our stripper was back with the suggestion that there was this producer who'd like to talk to us. She also mentioned in passing that the characters involved were not exactly the most gentle sort of playmates so that unless we were mighty certain that we wanted in, we'd be well advised to forget to keep the appointment.

Money they say, talks. Lack of money talks even louder. So come four o'clock that afternoon the three of us were walking casually in the park when along came a couple of guys to join us. After a bit of polite palaver, we got into our host's car, and while the stripper and one of

the boys sat up front, Sugar and I climbed into the back seat with the producer. We drove around aimlessly and talked. But this time we talked business. We must have said the right things, because we were hired.

A couple of days later we had our first assignment. Besides sugar and me there were two other girls and another fellow involved. We had a wild time. It must have been a passable performance, because we were asked for some repeat jobs.

It wasn't too long afterwards when the producer inquired whether Sugar and I were a team, or whether I'd be interested in doing a single. I told him that while I loved my sweetee dearly, like any actor, my career came first. That was it. From that point on I had steady employment.

It's a funny thing about stage shows. Everyone is always talking about the poor forlorn women who get caught up in the business. They get lots of publicity. Everywhere I turn I read another sob story about them. But people forget that for all the dames, there's got to be some guys to help out—except for an occasional off-beat reel. And finding the right fellows for that kind of an act isn't so easy. Most of you have seen a show or so in your lives. And you've got to admit that in most of them the men weren't so good about taking full advantage of their opportunities.

It takes a fellow with a special talent to become a star in that line of work. And there aren't nearly enough of us around. Most producers try to fill out with amateur talent. And they find that it doesn't work so well. Sure—anything of that kind sells in this country—but the really good stuff the kind that brings in high prices, the stuff that really cains the dough has full fledged pros at work, people who really know their jobs and are capable of doing them.

My own way of looking at it is that it's my profession and I mean to be good at it. By now, I've no particular feeling about sex, one way or the other. I'm paid to perform well and like any businessman I've got to do it right the first time, with no mistakes. Love or passion for any woman is entirely beside the point. They are my leading ladies. I don't do the casting any more than any actor does. I work with anyone who's hired. That goes whether the girl is tall, short, fat or skinny, young or old. Some I liked. Some I despised. Some were first rate actresses, others were downright amateurs. It didn't matter to me in the least.

In fact, I rarely had the slightest idea, at the time I reported for work, whom I was to act with, or how I showed up. We went over the script with the director, discussed camera angles and lighting and

made sure I knew what was expected of me

Nine times out of ten, I arrived well before the girl Actually, I was a part of what might be called the permanent company It was sort of like the regular actors in a repertory theater where a new star is hired for each drama

Not that there weren't any girls in the regular troupe There were We had a steady stable of three or four girls who filled in for secondary roles But naturally, the big bit went to the new girl. She was the one audiences were paying to see. After all, any group of males—and they make up 70% of the potential audience would get tired of watching the same girl star in show after show But they never even seem to notice the man. Why should they

I never minded that I got my regular pay And at $15 000 a year guaranteed, why should I care Anything else I could make through legitimate work was just so much gravy

The attitude of the women never failed to amuse me They all seemed so scared the first time they showed up It could understand the feeling in the case of the amateurs But about two thirds of them were full-fledged pros who'd been selling their bodies for years What they had to be frightened of I'll never be able to figure out. What could happen to them, anyway One girl said she was afraid they meant to kill her That was stupid Why should anyone get that complicated If murder was on someone's mind, it could have been accomplished without leading her right into the setup where, if anything went wrong, everyone would be in the soup Besides, where's the profit in murdering a poor, broken-down prostie

Quite a few said they were afraid of being raped! That was really a laugh Here they were, ready and willing to put out for the camera, and all they were worried about was being attacked How silly can a girl get All anyone who wanted the girl had to do was get into the act and he could have all he wanted, without any trouble at all.

With the regular, working women it didn't take too much effort to put them at their ease A few drinks, a little conversation, and cash on the table and they were ready to do their best

THE AMATEURS were different It would suddenly hit them, right at a crucial spot, that the lights were on, the cameras were turning and half a dozen people were looking One girl told me that she didn't mind the camera. It was impersonal But the idea of real, live people watching her made her feel terrible There was nothing I could do about that She got over it, pretty soon, by the way

With the amateurs the best thing you could do was work them up Once they got excited enough, they sort of forgot themselves and got lost in the reality of the action Liquor helped too We rarely had problems though afterwards, when it was all over, a crying jag was by no means unusual

On the other extreme, I recall one occasion when our star was a well-known Hollywood actress She was skittish as a schoolgirl at first But the second the director yelled "lights—action—camera,' she turned as coldly professional as an iceberg. She was perfect. There was something that made her come through like a trouper You'd never have known that two minutes before she was so scared that she'd actually been shivering

She was a fine looking woman I honestly enjoyed her Even though she didn't even know my name, she behaved as if we were lovers on a honeymoon If I hadn't known she was acting I'd have sworn that I was the one great love of her life She couldn't have been tenderer in my arms And my—what a body I still remember it though it was quite a few years ago She's still active and famous in her profession, today In fact, I saw one of her legitimate performances not too many weeks ago She's as good and as beautiful as ever

Most of the amateurs are very naive about sex They feel very daring and sophisticated about allowing themselves to be photographed, but they rather expect that it'll be no different than that quick affair they had in some motel It comes as a surprise to them that the ordinary methods they'd used in the past would get very dull if repeated over and over again for even a simple one reel movie They've mostly never heard of some of the things they're called upon to do And others that they have heard about or read about, they never imagined were actually to be demanded of them A few girls try to protest but at that point, once the first action is already on film there's little they can do except comply with demands

Afterwards, when it's all over the girls are quite bold and brazen just the opposite of what they'd been only an hour or so before

Just as a sidelight I remember meeting one of these amateurs later on about a year after we'd made a two reeler together I'd gotten a bit part in a TV show—those where the days when dramas were still 'live' and found that one of the girls on the show was an ex-partner We were thrown together for a full week She recognized me, of course though she didn't know that the stag movies were my real work She figured I was like the was, a poor starving actor picking up some eating money through the film bit

I went along with the gag

I acted the part of the real gentlemen, taking her out a few times but never making so much as a pass at her

She may have been an innocent but she was still curious She asked me why So I told her that while I understood that she'd been ready enough to play games for pay, I wasn't sure that she wouldn't feel insulted if it was just for me alone She assured me that she'd be only too delighted She remained my mistress for a month

I usually found that acting in a courtly, gentlemanly fashion paid off well. On another occasion I was paired with a matronly old gal who must have been about fifty Off camera I put on the shy polite, "yes maam—no maam' bit, though on film I was a passionate as all get out.

Afterwards she gave me a long lecture It seemed that she'd been a prossie and a madame for twenty years or more and was touched by my "innocence" She was trying to show me the 'pitfalls' in my way of life When she asked me if money was the reason I said, "Partly maam, but mostly it's the thrill of beauty I so enjoy the lovely women I meet—like you"

She giggled like a schoolgirl at that She took me home bought me dinner and a few days later phoned me to say that she'd talked to a producer client of hers about me and that he was willing to give me a job It wasn't a bad part, as it turned out, but it paid less than I was getting from the syndicate He was an independant and so couldn't give me more than a one picture contract On well, that's the breaks.

Speaking of the syndicate of course the entire business was controlled. But personally I went out of my way not to become involved That was one aspect on which I had no curiousity I asked no questions at all. I never tried to meet any of the higher ups It was safer that way I got my calls through any one of half a dozen agents I reported for work where they told me to go If someone unknown to me was present I never asked to be introduced We spoke to each other in first names only Surnames were never volunteered. Often it would be a brand new producer or director That wasn't my business

In fact, when I was finally arrested, I could honestly say that I knew nothing and no one who wasn't already in police files I pleaded guilty, paid my fine and served my sentence without whimparing Even here, I give no names though everyone mentioned is known to the police, and many have served time for the very things I'm telling you Still, why open old wounds.

Actually, that one last time was my only arrest. And by that time, I was already getting a bit old for the work I was due to retire anyway and with three years behind bars behind me it would have been fruitless to try to start over again No man keeps his youthful energy forever And by now, I simply couldn't keep up with a young girl anymore—not to the extent a camera demands

And then too, with a record, I had to be careful I still had more than a year to go on parole

Of course the theater is now closed to me Nobody wants to hire a fellow with my kind of record Especially since I'm no "name" actor to begin with And TV, the one place where the small part actar can go for jobs is a stone wall They have sponsors to worry about—and what sponsor could take a chance with a stag show pony Someone would be certain to recognize me What kind of ad would that be for a fine product?

Still I've saved some money—though not as much as I should have. Some old friends managed to get me a legitimate job, unconnected in any way with the old profession So I make out

All I have left are my memories But they're a lot of pleasure to think back on I've had the best looking gals in the world as playmates—and more of them than even the wildest millionaire could dream about.

So—I'm happy What more could any guy ask out of life ●

## DEATH MARCH (Continued from page 23)

mand that the Infantry, overburdened with prisoners, was having difficulty in manning their POW stockades. "Would somebody," the message inquired "please come and take these damned nuisances off their hands." Somebody would, GHQ decided. And, since this was hardly a matter for any higher headquarters to worry about, the good Commanding General thought that this might be a fine opportunity for young Captain Mitsoyama. At least the poor boy could get a look at the front lines

So Captain Horu Mitsoyama and his entire company were dispatched in the general direction of the Owen Stanley mountains with orders to pick up seven hundred Yank and Aussie POW's, and march them through the jungle back to the seacoast where they could be loaded aboard a troopship and be returned to the home islands. It was a fairly simple and straightforward assignment. There should be no difficulty at all

Except that no one had realized that the good captain, an eleven year army veteran, was still for all practical purposes as green a commander as if he were the rawest recruit in the Japanese Army. And raw recruits when faced with any slight emergency are quite likely to lose their heads and do silly, stupid things

The trip was easy. It was so like a training exercise that Mitsoyama acted in a near perfect fashion. He reached the front had an opportunity to actually see a few hours of light fighting—even permitting himself the luxury of firing his pistol in the general direction of the enemy

Then after a good dinner at regimental headquarters a fine nights' sleep and a more than adequate breakfast as the personal guest of the Colonel—he was no fool he knew that grandmother's influence was great—the Captain picked up his prisoner's and began the week's route mark back toward the coast

This was not simple at least not for Horu Mitsoyama. True he had five officers and one hundred and twenty armed men while the seven hundred and twelve prisoner's were unarmed and helpless. Still they were the enemy and Horu couldn't be sure. Perhaps they plotted secretly to overpower the Japanese and escape into the jungle. It was possible. A man only had to run fifty yards into the bush to disappear forever. And then, who knew—perhaps there were spies out there. Perhaps there were infiltrators. And when news of his men and mission reached them an ambush would be a certainty

The more Horu considered this possibility, the more it became highly probably. The more he thought about the probability, the more it became an absolute fact

Now as Horu had always been taught, when faced with a fact, it's essential for the good Japanese officer to take immediate counter action. And what could have been more of a fact than this

Horu came to a decision. He would act immediately—well almost immediately. There was no use in being too hasty. In another hour there's be a lunch break. It would be time enough to act after he had dined

So following a comfortable meal Horu called over his second-in-command—a lieutenant as inexperienced as Horu—and just as nervous

Lieutenant, announced Mitsoyama, 'we are faced with a crisis. I have been informed on the most reliable terms that our prisoners are planning a general escape attempt this after noon. Their plan is to link up with a band of infiltrating Americans out there in the jungle and then later tonight, they will ambush and attempt to annihilate us.

The lieutenant unaware that this carefully worked out plan was entirely a figment of Horu's overfertile imagination stared at his captain in horror

Horu continued "Therefore we must impress on these damned prisoners the futility of trifling with the Emperor's will. I suggest that a lesson in humility and discipline is in order. So let us carry it out, right now

The lieutenant was respectful to such an obvious solution 'How do you plan to proceed sir?' he asked

'Very simply' said Mitsoyama 'We will simply pull out their leaders and destroy them. Without the leaders, the plot is sure to fail.'

The lieutenant smiled with relief "Certainly sir," he agreed. It shall be as you say. But sir' a troubled look came to his face, 'who are the leaders?"

To Mitsoyama, born to the purple the answer was simple and obvious "The leaders' he announced, are the men who lead. I have paid particular attention to the prisoners all morning. Haven't you noticed that a few of them were always about aiding their fellows giving words of encouragement helping those who seemed weak or unable to keep up offering water to the thirsty?

The lieutenant nodded

Well those said Mitsoyama 'are the leaders. Come. We will pick them out of the ranks and perform justice. See that our men are informed and are ready. You and I will do the rest'

FIFTEEN MINUTES later the prisoners were drawn up in ranks, under the aimed guns of the Japanese company. Mitsoyama and his lieutenant with a guard of pick-

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by ROBERT TURNER

DARKNESS didn't ease the heat any. It seemed to get heavier, thicker. Toward midnight the overgrown brick john they called the Hoke County jail was like a bake oven. Nobody in the long basement cell block was talking. We just sprawled on the hard bunks, writhing in our own sweat and listening to the sounds from the Super's office upstairs. Waiting.

It had been almost an hour now since Vagner, the Super, had sent the night crew home. It was almost time. You could tell by the noises upstairs. There was the sound of a woman's shrill, drunken laughter, the scrape of a chair across the floor. They were pretty near primed, up there.

"Kilroy," I whispered across the cell's sticky blackness, "I wonder what this one'll be like. Remember the last one, Kilroy, the silver blonde? Man, those legs, those long, long legs! Remember?"

He didn't answer.

(Continued on page 12)

**The warden's sex-starved nympho played right into his plan!**

# DUEL FOR A DRUNKEN WOMAN

ed men moved through the POW ranks and picked out seventeen men These men were isolated placed under a very heavy guard, while Mitsoyama stood forth to make his announcement With an interpreter by his side to repeat his words to the ignorant non-Jap speaking POW's, he shouted, "Your plots are useless I am already aware of them There is nothing you can do that is beyond our knowledge To show you the futility of your escape plans, I have already, as you can see Isolated your leaders. Now they shall pay for your crime I order you to watch closely And remember, any future plotting on your part will be met with punishments equally severe'

He waved toward the guards 'Bring out the first man, he ordered

One of the prisoners, a sergeant, was led out in front of Mitsoyama While two of the guards forced him to his knees Horu drew his sword and in one mighty blow decapitated the helpless man A shudder and a sigh of horror ran through the POW ranks But the Jap troops answered with a mighty shout 'Banzai'

Horu was disappointed It had been too fast This was hardly punishment Why the execution had only taken ten seconds So while his lieutenant was busy slicing off the head of a second man Horu considered what further steps could be taken And then after several of the other officers had wetted their swords with enemy blood, Horu stepped forward again

This time, when the guards were about to force the prisoner to his knees, Horu barked out the words, 'No Let him stand' and without further ado he sliced out horizontally with his swords, opening up his man's gut from side to side

The prisoner screamed as Horu stepped back smiling The poor dying man doubled up, grabbing at his intestines which were spilling out on the ground Slowly the man sank down, moans bubbling up through his now bleeding mouth It took nearly ten minutes for him to die This was certainly a lot more impressive The POW's should definitely take such a mighty demonstration more to heart And when the troops again raised their voices to shout 'Banzai' Horu shouted right along with them He was happy now

And so it went Now that their captain had given an example the other officers went to work with a will In threes and fours the executions continued Horu had two more chances, before they were finished After all while he could, legally, have done it all himself, he knew that a good officer is not selfish and shares his pleasures with his men And Horu as he screamed out 'Banzai' after 'Banzai knew the ultimate in satisfaction

That, bad as it was, should have been the end of it But it wasn't For as any normally intelligent human being should have realized no group of men is ever without leaders Remove one set, and another instantly takes it place It isn't plan It's just human nature And so, all through the afternoon's march, Horu was only too frighteningly aware that through the POW ranks, men were giving encouragement to the laggards, helping the weak, bouying up spirits, offering food and water to the hungry and the thusty

Horu had failed Even worse, he had made a mistake He had executed the wrong men Perhaps he had delayed the escape a few hours but since the leaders of the Yanks and Aussies were still living, the big ambush plot was certain to break out at any time

Come dinner time, Horu decided to take further action Perhaps a mistake had been made before but that was certainly no reason not to finish the job now

So as soon as he had finished his evening meal, the grisly work began again And this time Horu was hardly so generous as he had been Twenty six executions were carried out before bedtime, each one more vicious than the next And Horu after he had placed his guards for the night and turned in slept the sleep of a contented man He had seen his duty clearly and he had done it

In the morning--horror of horrors Three men had made good their escape It was awful He had overlooked these three, obviously And now they were surely making their way to join the infiltrators The men would be ambushed that morning without doubt At the very least, he must make an effort to find out where and by how many The only ones who could possibly know were the POWs He had to find a way to make them talk

He tried hard for an hour He threatened. He fired his pistol into the ranks He walked among the POWs contemptuously, swinging his sword wildly He executed men at random He had several prisoners bayonetted in cold blood Ha beat men. He crippled others He even staked out one man for the jungle ants It was no good He got no answers This wasn't surprising since there were no answers to give

At last, Horu gave up He had to get moving But at least he would stay alert He posted guards carefully Ha sent out scouts He kept men out on his flanks He forbade the prisoners to talk He ordered that any man who stumbled or laggard should be cut down by sword or bayonet, immediately, without question or mercy And the march began. They went as fast as they could, without stops or breaks Until at last the luncheon break was forced by Horu's gnawing pangs of

hunger

And during that break, as the prisoners—and the Japanese—were attending to the exacting wants of nature five more POWs made a run for it Two of them made it

That broke it

Horu panicked completely Lining the men up, he selected every tenth man in the POW ranks and brutally cut them down Sixty five men died there All of them in agony

It would take an entire book to catalogue that one week's march Horu proved that brutality and horror feed on themselves. His panic, and his growing fear that he was making a complete fool of himself turned him from a placid, overimaginative idiot into a total monster

Executions now were the order of every day—every break—and even along the march Let a man so much as sigh with pain or weariness—and Horu, certain that it was a slight on his honor or a laugh at his expense—was ready instantly to jump in sword swinging

Twice, his own men felt his anger Each time, a man had laughed—actually at some small friendly joke. It didn't matter Horu, sure that discipline was falling apart, had the men killed on the spot

All in all more than six hundred men died on that march. A few, less than a dozen fell victim to accident or disease The rest including the two unfortunate Jaapnese soldiers, were killed by Horu and his officers So, with five successful escapes only 102 American and Australian prisoners arrived at the rear area headquarters to be shipped back to Japan

To say that Horu Mitsoyama's commanding general was surprised would be putting it mildly In fact, he read Horu's report with absolute horror It wasn't that he was in the least disturbed by the loss of six hundred and more enemy lives. That part was totally unimportant If none of the POWs had lived through the ordeal, it would hardly have mattered. After all, a dead enemy was vastly preferable to a live one

What was disturbing was the revelation of Horu Mitsoyame's total incapacity his tendency to panic, his reckless actions without reason and the fact that he misinterpreted everything around him In short his staff aide was really a useless man Luckily no harm, no real harm had been done But how could that be explained to a higher headquarters to whom Horu Mitsoyama was a darling an object of protection

The general acted as generals have acted since time immemorial When faced with an unreportable fact he promptly didn't report it. It was filed and forgotten

The 102 surviving POWs were placed aboard ship to be returned to Japan They didn't make it. The ship was torpedoed and sank There were four survivors

Horu never had a single major assignment thereafter Transferred from New Guinea back to Java, he spent the rest of the war in relative quite seclusion At the end of hostilities he was returned to Japan

Horu Mitsoyama was never prosecuted There were so many more important criminals to worry about Retired from the army he returned to the bosom of his loving family. He married, raised a family and lived a comfortable life In 1964, he died of a stroke

Only the record remains—a record only recently uncovered This record, consisting of Horu's personal report on his jungle march—plus his general's covering comments were added to by interviews with three of the men—all American—who survived the terrible trek

And strangely, not one of them even knew Horu's name. ● ● ●

## DUEL FOR A DRUNKEN WOMAN (Continued from page 12)

fat. You couldn't see a bone on her anywhere and that wasn't because any clothes covered her She had a cute, saucy little face She was about 35 and she'd never be more completely a woman, physically She looked as though if you pinched her all that tautness would burst

'Ge get 'em, Sheila, Vagner's gutteral voice ordered. 'Show 'em what you showed me, upstairs Make 'em crazy kid An extra fin if you give 'em a good skaw, first.'

This Saturday night treat cost Vagner 50 bucks not counting any bonus Nobody worried about him getting poor over it He made way more than that peddling nude pictures and reefers and junk and candy and other contraband to us fish in one week To say nothing of the couple hundred he made on the food allotment He wasn't taking any chences either They said Vagner had a cousin on the vice squad and that took care of Mammy Lou and the girls His uncle was a state senator and there was even talk of Vagner being distantly related to the governor Nobody was going to bother him

We watched the girl begin to do her stuff She danced along the dimly lit cell block alley, the dull glow from the single bulb glistening on her white and gleaming redhead's skin Nat really danced A sort of awkward stripper's strut Sometimes she would stop and bump and grind a little in front of one of the cells All along the block arms were reaching out for her Thick choked voices were telling her what they could do for her Over it all, you could hear Vagner's gutteral laugh

I was suddenly surprised to feel something brush against me I turned to find Kilroy standing there next to me not leaning against the bars, but just standing there casually looking out Hope leaped in me I said 'Give me a break, kid Ask Vagner He'll do it He'd love to see you out there, especially if I whip you Come on Kilroy I'll give you any loot I get mailed next week We can fake the fight I won't hurt you'

He didn't say anything He didn't even look at me I turned away from him again, hope sinking and watched the redhead Vagner had walked down to the middle of the cell block now and had grabbed her He was hugging and kissing her, his hands all over her while he looked over her head and grinned at us, knowing what this was doing to us what it always did Then he pulled away from her a little He said

'This one's a real hunk, boys Like white satin, this skin What's gain to be the lucky guys this week?'

The din that answered him was deafening He waited until it subsided after he raised the palm of his hands His eyes roamed along the cell block as he tried to make up his mind He opened his thick lips to speak when beside me I heard Kilroy's flat voice say 'Us, Vagner, how about givin' us a break for a change?'

THE super's little head jerked on his shoulders 'What?' he roared 'Who said that?'

'I did' Kilroy told him Me Kilroy What's the matter you think I'm a fat impotent slob like you?'

The ones who understood, suggered Vagner's swimsh little eyes looked as though they'd come out of his face For a long moment he didn't speak Then his bunch-up features seemed to relax He showed a mouthful of incongruously tiny white teeth 'Hammonds is with you, isn't he?' Vagner asked

I drew myself up as Vagner walked toward us trying to make myself look bigger I was a head and a half taller than Kilroy and 60 pounds heavier But I wanted to make sure Vagner wouldn't have any doubt as to the result I knew what he was thinking

'All right' Vagner said, softly 'All right, Kilroy If you're man enough to get it away from Hammond you can have it'

Groans and violent oaths of disappointment sounded up and down the block as Vagner fumbled with the ring of keys attached to his gunbelt I got so shaky with excitement as I watched him unlock the door, I could hardly stand In that moment I would have died for Kilroy I was making crazy heppy sounds in my throat It didn't even bother me, when Vagner yanked the door open and said

"If you don't beat the livin' daylights outa him, you get The Hole, Hammond!"

He didn't have to worry. I'd been here in Hole 94 days, already, looking at the pictures Vagner peddled, had been forced to watch some other guys get the Saturday Night Treat, ten times already. I could see the redhead, standing a few feet away from Vagner and the way her flesh was all goose-bumped from the excitement and I was no longer anything human

I went lurching out of the opened door of the cell. But I'd forgotten about Kilroy. He got his foot between mine and I went sprawling to the paved alley on my face Vagner roared with laughter I started to get up, a little groggy, started to look around for Kilroy, anger bursting in me, realizing suddenly that he hadn't done this for me but for himself This redhead had finally broken him down Then Kilroy kicked me flush under the chin The cell block swirled

When I scrambled to my feet, a moment later, Kilroy's gaunt figure was almost upon the girl and she was staring at him, vacantly, her rouged mouth gaping Vagner howled blasphemy upon me and threats if I didn't stop Kilroy The other fish all along the block were rooting both of us on, but most of them were for Kilroy I started toward him. Then I saw a funny thing I stopped

Kilroy reached the little redhead, twisted around behind her and caught her hard and sharp across the side of the neck with the edge of his stiffened hand As she went limp, he grabbed her naked body and kept it from falling, held it in front of him, crouched behind her The whole cell block and Vagner, too, went dead quiet with amazement

Hammond," Kilroy said, his flat voice sounding low and sepulchral in the sudden silence "Stay out of this Don't stick your nose in Just stay clear I'm going out"

That gat to Vagner I watched him fumble out his big 45, set his short, heavy legs apart "Drop bar!" he told Kilroy "Drop her, fast Hammond, get back in your coop'

I didn't move. I couldn't. I could only stare at Kilroy and know that he really was top-blown now, even if he hadn't been right along He'd never get away with this. Even if he could get past Vagner, he'd never get through the gate guard. But he kept moving slowly, awkwardly, holding the redhead's limply unconscious figure in front of him, holding her around the waist and crouched himself behind the sag of her Only his eyes and the top of his bald head showed to Vagner

"Go ahead and shoot, Vagner," Kilroy said gently 'That'll be nice Right in front of 55 cons, you'll kill her, eh? What kind of a report will you make out? Or maybe you're dumb enough to think you can hit me, instead"

The purple went out of Vagner's face and some of the bluat, until he looked like a partially deflated balloon. His sweat began to shine in the dim light. "Quit this," he said. His voice seemed to change. "Cut it out right now and there'll be no punishment. I'll forget the whole thing You hear me, Kilroy?"

Apparently Kilroy didn't. His kind of poppy eyes peered out at Vagner over the back of the girl's bent red head He kept moving slowly toward Vagner Vagner backed up two steps and edged sideways toward the gate at the end of the block, his eyes never leaving Kilroy's. He took another backward step then and Kilroy raised his voice the loudest I'd ever heard it 'Now's your chance, Little White Flower!' he screamed Get him around the throat from behind!"

Vagner was four cells away from the albino but in that moment of panic he didn't realize it. He screamed hoarsely, lunged forward and twisted his head around to see behind him That was when Kilroy pushed the unconscious girl ahead of him in a staggering run toward Vagner When Vagner turned his head back, Kilroy and the girl were only a few feet away

The sound of the shot made my ears ring Kilroy seemed like hours I could see Vagner's mouth working but couldn't hear what he was saying as he watched the ugly hole in the girl's round bare belly spout blood Kilroy turned her loose and she pitched forward onto her head and knees to the floor and sprawled there, her thick red hair hushed out and covering her face

The ringing in my ears broke just in time to hear Kilroy say calmly 'Maybe she isn't quite dead, Mr Vagner If she isn't, you'd better get busy right away"

That was ridiculous but Vagner was shaking all over and looking at the girl on the floor and at the big revolver still wisping smoke In a state of shock, he moved stiff-legged toward the girl He squatted down beside her the 45 dangling from his right hand Before he could turn the girl over, Kilroy stepped forward and brought his fist down on the little place between Vagner's shoulders and head, where fat was creased tightly Vagner went forward on top of the girl

I said 'What the hell, Kilroy? Now there's going to be—'

I DIDN'T finish. The words got stopped up in my throat as I watched Kilroy bend and take Vagner's thick furry-backed hand still holding the 45 and put the snout of the revolver against Vagner's right temple and holding his own finger over Vagner's squeeze the trigger

This shot didn't make so much noise. It was muffled a little Pieces of bone and meat with tufts of Vagner's short cropped black hair in them, splattered over Kilroy He didn't seem to notice.

In cell six, The Little White Flower began to wail: "We'll all get in trouble for this, the crazy fool! We'll all get extra time, you damned imbecile, you! Why did you have to do this?"

'Shut up," Kilroy told him quietly, and the albino did that He even stopped whimpering, the calm softness of Kilroy's voice was such a shock to him 'None of us will get into any trouble Because none of us will know anything about this. You understand? We wasn't know nothing"

He paused Nobody answered him His bulging eyes moved up and down the cell block, then came to rest on me Their flat expressionless gaze gave me a chill but I couldn't get my eyes away from him He said in the same voice 'Hammond's going to help me lug em both upstairs to Vagner's room behind the office We'll leave him there, with the empty bottle We'll come back and clean up the mess down here You all understand?"

Nobody said anything. Kilroy jerked his head at me and I thought about what he had said and I couldn't see anything wrong with it, so I helped him. It took us about an hour Then we went back into our own cell and slammed the door so the automatic lock took hold Upstairs we'd talked briefly about making a break But neither of us had too much time of the short county sentence to go and there would be little chance that we'd make it.

There was a lot of noise all along the block after we got back, a lot of questioning and answering back and forth, before they all quieted down. It was no use trying to get anything out of Kilroy He was back in his shell About dawn I was just dropping off to sleep, when I heard the sound of sobbing, so soft I wasn't even sure what it was for a moment. Then I looked over and saw Kilroy's bony shoulders moving and that he had his arm across his knees and his face on his arm I got up and went over to him

Stupidly, I said "What's the matter?'

He lifted his face from his arm and the poppy eyes were bloodshot and blurred and his knobby face was a wreck 'The matter?" he whispered, chokingly 'She was my wife, you dumb bastard It was Sheila"

He shoved me away from him so hard I fell back on my own bunk I lay there and thought about it and why he wrecked cathouses and why he didn't have anything to do with Vagner's prostys until tonight And then I saw that Kilroy stopped crying

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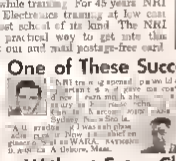

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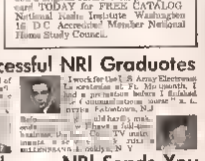

I work for the U.S. Army Electronics Laboratory at Ft. Monmouth. I had a promotion before I finished the communications course" [illegible] Belleville, N.J.

[illegible] old hard to make ends meet [illegible] I started a full-time business [illegible] TV units [illegible] ILLINESSANS [illegible] N.Y.

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General Chemistry
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**CIVIL ENGINEERING**
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Plumbing & Sanitary Engineering
Reading Blueprints
Structural Engineering
Surveying and Mapping
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**CRAFTING**
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